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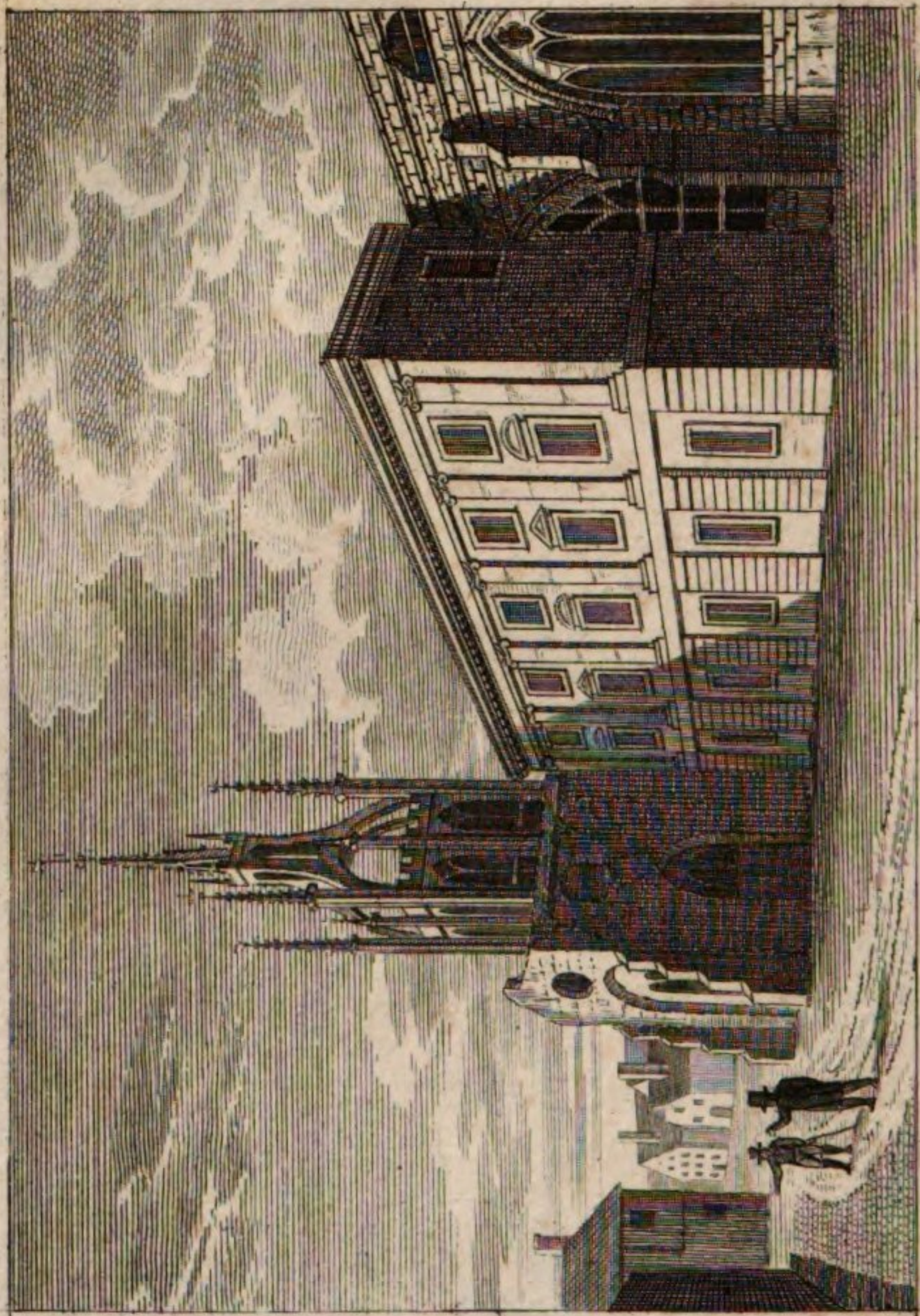
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THE WORKS OF WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. CXXXIII.

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THE HOUSE OF WALTER SCOTT
A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES
BY WALTER SCOTT
ESQ. OF ABERDEEN



R. 1829

St. Patrick

THE
WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. CXXXIII.

MEMOIRS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. VOL. III.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1829.

THE

W. O. R. S.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

MEMORANDUM

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M E M O I R S
OF
JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.
DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DEBENHAM & CO.

1825



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AFTER a summer spent among the friends of his best days, Swift began to resume his intention of passing the winter in a milder climate, as it was supposed the air of the south of France might mitigate the distressing symptoms of his recurring disorder. The king's death, and the probable dismissal of Walpole from office, interrupted his purpose, and lighted up, for the last time, those hopes of comfort at least, if not of ambition, which depended on his being settled in England. A change of ministry was generally expected. Swift, accustomed to disappointment, was less sanguine than others, and hesitated whether he should suspend his journey to the continent. Bolingbroke urged him to remain, and expressed his belief, that the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England was fairly before him. He remained, accordingly, kissed the hands of their majesties on their accession, and was received by the queen with her usual marks

of favour. But Sir Robert Walpole, through the interest of Queen Caroline, triumphed over all his rivals, and on the 24th June was reinstated in the employments and confidence which he enjoyed under the former monarch. Still, however, it was supposed, that the secret influence of Mrs Howard might serve her friends. Swift wrote to her, requesting her advice concerning his intention of going abroad, and conjuring her to answer him with sincerity. Mrs Howard replied, exhorting him not to leave England, as it would have an appearance of disaffection; and other friends seemed to have authority from her to hint, that his favourite object of an exchange into England might yet be practicable. Sir Robert Walpole's interest, and probably that of Queen Caroline, who in secret opposed all who sought favours at court through the mediation of Mrs Howard, rendered vain the expectations which were thus excited. Mrs Howard afterwards vindicated herself, by stating, that if success did not justify her advice, she had at least given the reasons on which it was founded, so that Swift, having opportunity of judging for himself of its solidity, was the dupe of his own judgment, not of her falsehood. But the Dean seems to have felt that his dignity had suffered in thus lingering around the court, waiting for a favour which his enemies had a mali-

cious pleasure in withholding. His resentment rankled within him, and extended itself not only to Walpole and the queen, but to Mrs Howard, who seems in reality to have wanted the power, not the inclination to serve him. *

During this anxious interval, Swift was afflicted with a severe paroxysm of his disorder, and about the same time received news from

* The Earl of Oxford relates, in his Reminiscences, that, as a test of the degree of influence which Mrs Howard actually possessed, she was persuaded by Chesterfield to ask of the new monarch an earl's coronet for Lord Bathurst. She did so — the queen interposed her veto — and Swift returned to Ireland in despair, convinced that Mrs Howard had no efficient interest with the monarch. The editor of the Suffolk papers disproves this representation, by showing, that in the first creation of peers, Lady Howard's interest procured a coronet for her own brother, which renders it highly improbable that her influence was in the wane, or that she could then have made a point of Lord Bathurst's promotion. Besides, Swift returned to Ireland in September, 1727, and the creation did not take place until 28th May, 1728.

Ireland, that Stella was once more reduced to extremity. The agony with which these tidings affected him induced him suddenly to leave Twickenham, where he was then residing, and shut himself up in lodgings in London, miserably afflicted both in body and mind.* He wrote to Sheridan and Worrall in the bitterest sorrow, anticipating the dissolution of "that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving." Yet with stubborn adherence to his determination of concealing their union, he conjures Worrall so to arrange, that her decease

★—————

Dr Johnson has given this circumstance a malevolent turn: "He left the house of Pope, as it seems, with very little ceremony, finding that two sick friends cannot live together, and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester." Sinking, as he himself declares, under weakness, age, and wounded affection, Swift might have claimed some exemption from ceremony. But Pope saw Swift at his lodgings in London, as he himself writes to Sheridan, more than once at least; and when the Dean left England, he took leave of Pope in a kind letter, not written from Chester, but left for him at Gay's lodgings, over which he to whom it was addressed, "wept like a girl."

might not take place at the deanery, which Mrs Johnson and Mrs Dingley always occupied in his absence. He had enemies, he said, who would interpret such an event injuriously to his character. When his health was a little restored, he departed for Ireland. He took by letter a civil leave of Mrs Howard, and transmitted his duty to the queen. To Pope he wrote in the most affectionate terms. "If it pleases God," he said, "to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted." Such, indeed, was the decree of Heaven, for these illustrious friends met no more. The Dean left the country so dearly beloved by him, for the last time, in the beginning of October, 1727.

When Swift arrived in Ireland, Stella was on the verge of the grave. For six months she had been only preserved by constant medical attendance and support. In this languishing state, she had a remarkable conversation with Swift upon the subject of declaring their marriage, which has been interpreted in a manner highly prejudicial to the character of the latter, as if he had been guilty of the most sullen cruelty towards the friend, whose decay cost him such daily agony, and for whose spiritual consolation he composed the most beautiful and affecting devotional exercises. I give it with every cir-

cumstance, as nearly as possible, in the words of Mr Theophilus Swift, to whom it was communicated by Mrs Whiteway. «When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The Dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint, but, having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the Dean, sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed: it was half shut, — the rooms were close adjoining. Mrs Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing that the Dean and Mrs Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity, but at length she heard the Dean say, in an audible voice, ‘*Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,*’ to which Stella answered with

a sigh, '*It is too late.*' » Such are, upon the best and most respectable authority, the minute particulars of this remarkable anecdote. The word *marriage* was not mentioned, but there can remain no doubt that such was the secret to be owned; and the report of Mrs Whiteway I received with pleasure, as vindicating the Dean from the charge of cold-blooded and hard-hearted cruelty to the unfortunate Stella, when on the verge of existence. * On 28th January, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, Mrs Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to

* Mr Sheridan has related this anecdote in the following terms:

«A short time before her death, a scene passed between the Dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetic terms to grant her dying request; 'That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in

that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife.'

«Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterwards during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and, sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors."

It cannot be denied that there is here an anecdote told upon apparently good authority. But Mr Theophilus Swift's authority seems still preferable. It was derived from Mrs White-way, after he attained the years of manhood, and Mr Sheridan was a boy at the time of his father's death; and although neither father

Swift was now in a manner alone in the world, afflicted by many of those varied calamities, with which, to use his own words, the Author of

nor son were capable of voluntarily propagating a falsehood to the Dean's prejudice, yet it seems more likely that a boy might have mistaken what his father said to him on such a subject, than that Mr Swift should have understood a story told to him repeatedly and minutely by Mrs Whiteway, after he had come to man's estate. In fact, the hardness of heart imputed to Swift, by the earlier edition of the story, is not only totally inconsistent with an affection agonized by the view of its dying object, but with every circumstance. Vanessa was dead, — Stella was dying, — the Dean could no longer fear that the society or claims of a wife should be forced upon him, — the scene was closed, and every reason for mystery at an end. The relations may indeed be reconciled, by supposing that of Mrs Whiteway subsequent to the scene detailed by Sheridan. The Dean may at length have relented, yet Sheridan remained ignorant of it. Dr Johnson seems to have received the anecdote as given in the text.

our being weans us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach the end of it. Disease and decay of nature, — the death of many friends, and the estrangement or ingratitude of more, — a want of relish for earthly enjoyments, with a general dislike for persons and things, daily increasing upon him, — passions too readily irritable, and the keen sensation of remorse, after having extravagantly indulged them; — all these evils combined to darken his future prospect, and the gleams of cheerfulness and enjoyment which yet occasionally gilded his way, grew fewer and more languid, as his path tended downwards, until he reached the sad point, beyond which all was second childishness and mere oblivion. There remained to him, indeed, the applause of the public, and the society of many sincere and respectful friends, in the land of which he was now unwillingly an inhabitant for life. But the former could give no balm for domestic affliction, and most of the latter had been so much accustomed to submit to his humour, and endure practical and personal jests, that either he was nettled by their resentment when he pushed their patience beyond endurance, or, while humoured to the very extremity of caprice, became sensible, that excess of familiarity was followed by contempt,

its usual consequence. * He was banished, in short, from Pope, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot,

* The Dean was fond of pranks which bordered on childish sports. It will hardly be believed that he sometimes, by way of exercise, used to chase the Grattans, and other accommodating friends, through the large apartments of the deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with his whip in his hand, till he had accomplished his usual quantity of exercise. I have heard there was an old gentleman, a Scot, or of Scottish extraction, settled in the north of Ireland, whom he used to teaze with some story of the dirt and poverty of his country till the old man, between jest and earnest, started up with his cane uplifted, when Swift, in great seeming terror, would run away to hide himself. His practical jokes he sometimes pushed beyond even the patience of the good-natured Sheridan, and then was angry at him for not enduring what no man ought to have wished a friend to brook. The Dean's answer, for instance, to Sheridan's rhymes on Ballyspellin, was so coarse and vulgar, (printed, too, and published,) that Sheridan considered it as an affront on himself, and the lady he had ac-

and his original compeers, with whom he measured mind against mind, learned to respect himself in respecting them, and felt no other superiority than might arise from a momentary advantage in argument. *

accompanied to that watering-place. Yet the Dean, in his character of the second Solomon, resents his very natural and just indignation, as an act of high treason against his authority, or, as he styles it, "against all the rules of reason, taste, good-nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners."

* In these melancholy moments, he seems to have drawn up the following list of remarkable and illustrious persons, with whom he had lived in intimacy at various periods of his life. The original is among the papers preserved by Mr Smith: —

"Men famous for their learning, wit, or great employments or quality, of my acquaintance, who are dead. —

Sir William Temple,	Mr Wycherly,
Lord Somers,	Mr Nich. Rowe,
Earl of Halifax,	Lord Willoughby of
Burnet, Bishop of Sa-	Brook, Dean of
rum,	Windsor,

Ambition is often smothered when deprived of hope, but its restless ghost seldom fails to haunt those whom it has called vassals, and to excite them to animosity or vengeance, even after hope

Duke of Beaufort,	Earl of Berkeley,
Mr Addison,	Anthony Henley,
Dr Garth,	Earl of Oxford, lord-
Sir John Vanbrug,	treasurer,
Dr Smalridge, Bishop	Lord Harcourt, lord-
of Bristol,	chancellor,
Dr Gastril, Bishop of	Dr John Freind,
Chester,	Dr Ratcliffe,
Dr Biss, Bishop of Here-	Mr Congreve,
ford,	Mr Prior.

«Men of distinction, and my friends, who are yet alive. February 19. 1728-9 —

Earl of Peterborow,	Mr Gay,
Duke of Ormonde,	Earl of Orkney,
Earl of Marr,	Lord Carteret,
Lord Viscount Boling-	Earl of Dartmouth,
broke,	Lord Bingley, [dead]
Lord Bathurst,	William Bromley, Esq.
Earl of Burlington,	Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Masham,	Lord Herbert,
William Pulteney Esq.	Sir Andrew Fountain.
Mr Pope,	

is no more. Swift, accordingly, after the death of Stella, seems first to have been roused by the sense of Walpole's enmity. It was greatly increased by the conduct of Queen Caroline and the minister towards Gay. The promise of her majesty's patronage could not decently be withdrawn from the poet, but, as if to mark her altered opinion, and even contempt, he was named gentlemen-usher to the Princess Louisa, then an infant. Gay, with proper spirit, refused the appointment, and, in the Beggars' Opera, took a most ample satisfaction upon king, queen, and ministers. This marked affront to his friend opened Swift's eyes, if he yet hoped any thing, either from the queen's favour, or the influence of Mrs Howard.*

In this humour he composed the celebrated Rhapsody (1733), in which the ironical praises which he bestowed on the monarch, queen, and royal family, were taken in such good part, that he assured Dr King he received a message of thanks. "The Rhapsody," says the doctor, "might have continued to Swift the favour it had acquired him, if Lord Harvey had not undeceived Queen Caroline, and taken some pains to

* Yet Gay's causes of complaint are something overrated by his friends.

teach her the use and power of the irony."* Although a friend to the Protestant succession, he had never regarded with much cordiality the family on which the crown was settled; and when there was a report that George I. intended to publish, or sue out a divorce against his unfortunate consort, and declare a marriage with the Duchess of Kendal, whom he is said to have married with the left hand, — the Dean made the perplexity of the ministers the subject of the bitterest epigram which his own or any other pen ever traced.** The attentions of Caroline, when princess, had suspended a dislike, which now returned with double bitterness. One of his modes of mortifying the royal family was, to cause a monument to be erected in the Cathedral of St Patrick's to the memory of the Duke of Schomberg, reflecting bitterly upon his descendants, who had declined being at this expense. The parties whom this inscription immediately affected, were the Earl of Holderness and Lord Fitzwalter; but it also touched upon the envoy

* King's Anecdotes.

** It was found among Swift's papers, with this characteristic jotting on the back. — "A wicked treasonable libel. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him."

of the King of Prussia, who, having married a grand-daughter of Schomberg, made a formal complaint to George I. The king expressed himself much displeased, and said publicly in the drawing-room, "that the Dean of St Patrick's had put up that monument out of malice, to make a quarrel betwixt his Majesty and the King of Prussia." Thus, an irreconcilable breach took place between Swift and the court, as well as the ministers. On Walpole, Swift made war both in verse and prose, nor did he spare even royalty itself, for the "Directions for making a Birth-day Song" are most bitter upon the whole family, especially on Queen Caroline.

While thus venting his resentment against the court, Swift continued to apply himself with great vigour to the national interests of Ireland, although so much dreaded and disliked by the government, that even his friend Carteret declined to admit him to any situation which could give him an official right of interference. * But

* He never could prevail upon Lord Carteret to nominate him one of the trustees of the linen manufactory, or even a justice of peace. His lordship always replied, "I am sure, Mr Dean, you despise those feathers, and would not accept of them." The Dean answered, "No,

the patriotism of Swift was not to be damped by discouragement. In every varied form he endeavoured to make the people aware of their rights and interests, - the rulers of the impolicy, as well as cruelty, of their oppressive restrictions. The «View of the State of Ireland;»

my lord, I do not, as I might be serviceable to the public in both capacities; but, as I would not be governed by your excellency, nor job at the board, or suffer abuses to pass there, or at a quarter-sessions' assizes, I know that you will not indulge me for the good of this unhappy nation: but, if I were a worthless member of parliament, or a bishop, would vote for the court, and betray my country, then you would readily grant my request." Lord Carteret replied, with equal freedom and politeness, «What you say is literally true, and therefore you must excuse me." The Dean, some time afterwards, in company with Dr Bolton, Archbishop of Cashel, Dr Synge, Bishop of Elphin, and other trustees of the board, asked why they would not elect him trustee. The archbishop answered, «That he was too sharp a razor, and would cut them all." To which the Dean made no reply. Swiftiana, Vol. II. p. 217.

the "Story of an Injured Lady;" the "Letter to the Archbishop of Dublin concerning the Weavers;" the "Answer to Sir John Brown's Memorial," and many other Tracts, show his careful and unremitting attention to the rights and interests of Ireland, whether political, commercial, or agricultural. * But the inimitable piece of irony by which he proposes to relieve the distresses of the poor, by converting their children into food for the rich, has never been equalled in any age or country. The grave, formal, and business-like mode, in which the calculations are given; the projector's protestation of absolute disinterest in the success of his plan; the economy with which he proposes the middling class

* His most trifling bounties were qualified with a view to the interest of Ireland. Giving one day a guinea to the maid-servant of a friend, he charged her to buy a gown of Irish stuff with his bounty. Returning afterwards, and finding her in the same dress, he accused her of neglecting his orders. She went out, and returned with her apron filled with a set of the Dean's works. "This," she said, "please your reverence, is the Irish stuff I have bought, and better was never manufactured." Swift, as may be supposed, was highly gratified.

should use this new species of food; and the magnificence which he attaches to the idea of a well-grown fat yearling child roasted whole, for a lord-mayor's feast; the style of a projector, and the terms of the shambles, so coolly and yet carefully preserved from beginning to end, render it one of the most extraordinary pieces of humour in our language. A foreign author was so much imposed upon by the gravity of the style, that he quoted it as an instance of the extreme distress of Ireland, which appeared to equal that of Jerusalem in its last siege, since a dignitary of the church was reduced to propose, as the only mode of alleviating the general misery, the horrid resource of feeding upon the children of the poor.

This repeated interference of Swift seems greatly to have annoyed the faction by which Ireland was then ruled, nor was their displeasure always silent. The mayor and corporation having resolved to present the Dean with the freedom of the city in a golden box, Joshua, Lord Allen, although he had at one time courted the Dean's friendship, chose, in the council and House of Peers, to make a bitter invective against Swift, as a Tory, a Jacobite, and a libeller of the government; and publicly upbraided the mayor with wasting the money of the corporation in making presents to such a character. The Dean heard

of this attack with the greater indignation, as, within a few hours after the invective had been pronounced, Lord Allen had sent a common friend to him with renewed protestations of regard. The mediator, finding other apologies ill received, at length said, touching his forehead, "You know, sir, our poor friend is a little disordered here at times." — "I know," answered the Dean, with great gravity, "that he is a madman; and, if that were all, no man living could commiserate his condition more than myself: but, sir, he is a madman possessed by the devil. I renounce him." Accordingly, he not only vindicated himself to the lord-mayor and corporation on occasion of receiving the freedom and gold box, in terms the most peremptory, but also published, in an advertisement, a contradiction of Lord Allen's charge, as "insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and, in a particular degree, perfidious." Upon the same occasion he composed and published the satire entitled *Traulus*, the first part of which is a dialogue turning upon the melancholy apology proposed for Allen by their common friend, Robert Leslie. And, on several other opportunities, the unfortunate peer was distinguished in the Dean's satirical productions.

In order to maintain this skirmishing warfare, the Dean and Sheridan, in 1728, commenced a

periodical paper called the *Intelligencer*. But the circulation being small, and the price of each number only a halfpenny, the printer could not afford to pay any young man of talent as editor, so that it was soon dropped. The Dean gives Pope an account of the papers which he wrote for the *Intelligencer*, in whole or in part, being nine in all.* Perhaps we ought to add some part at least of No. II., which the reader will find in the note, containing a singular account of an affront offered to Swift by Colonel Abel Ram, member of Parliament for the borough of Gorey (called Squire Wether in the *Intelligencer*), whose carriage intercepted Swift and Sheridan rudely, as they were travelling on horseback.** On this occasion, Swift, or more

* Letter from Swift to Pope, dated 12th June 1731.

** "THE INTELLIGENCER. No. II.

"Occursare Capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

"My design, in writing this paper, being chiefly to expose such barbarians, who think themselves exempt from those laws of hospitality which have, through all ages and countries, been observed by the best and most distinguished part of mankind, I hope I shall,

probably his companion, is said to have made this impromptu:—

Hear not, Britain, how Ireland's pride and glory
Was butted in a slough by the Ram of Gorey.

Amid these disputes, Carteret, with the skill
of a thorough-bred courtier, trimmed between

even in my own country, find persons enough
to join with me in a hearty detestation of a
certain country-squire, at the relation of the
following fact, which I shall tell without the
least aggravation or partiality.

“Two clergymen, of some distinction, travelling to the country for their health, happened to set up together in a small village,† which was under the dominion of a certain animal, dignified with a brace of titles, that of a militia-colonel and a squire. One of these gentlemen, standing in the street, and observing a coachman driving his coach and four horses furiously against him, turned into the close passage between his inn and the signpost; but the coachman, instead of driving through the middle of the street, which was the usual and most commodious way, turned

† Geory, or New Borough.

the danger of offending the English ministry, or rather of furnishing them with an apology for

short, and drove full upon the gentleman, without any notice, so that he was on a sudden enclosed between the fore-horses; and if his friend and another gentleman, who were in the middle of the street, had not suddenly cried out to stop the coach, he must have unavoidably been trodden under the horses' feet, and his body bruised to death by the wheels running over him. His friend, who saw with terror what had like to have befallen him, full of indignation, repaired immediately to the aforesaid squire or colonel (to whom he was told the equipage belonged), with a complaint against his coachman. But the squire instead of expressing any concern, or offering any redress, sent the Doctor away with the following answer: Sir, I have a great regard for your cloth, and have sent my coachman to ask your friend's pardon, for one of your servants this moment told me what had happened. — But, sir, said the Doctor, do you think that is sufficient? I dare venture to affirm, if the like had befallen you within the liberties† of my friend, and you were brought to the same danger

† The Liberties of St Sepulchre's.

displacing him, and that of breaking communication with Swift, whose influence as well as

by his servant, he would not only have him punished, but; at the same time, he would discharge him his service. — Sir, (said the Colonel), I tell you again, that I have sent my coachman to ask his pardon, and I think that is enough, — which he spoke with some sturdiness; and well he might, for he had two cannons at his back. — Good God! said the Doctor to himself, (when he had got out of gunshot), what a Hottentot have I been talking to! who so little values the life of a gentleman, and; as it happened, that very gentleman to whom the nation hath in a particular manner been obliged. Back he went, full of resentment for the slighting treatment his friend met with, and very candidly reported all that passed; who being a man of a different spirit from that wretched colonel, ordered one of his servants to write the following letter.

SIR, — My master commanded me to tell you, that if you do not punish and turn off that villain, your coachman, he will think there was a design upon his life. I put this in writing for fear of mistakes.

I am your humble servant to command,
A. R.

his talents were not a little to be dreaded, even if it had not been Carteret's object to preserve

«The superscription was, 'For Squire Weather, or some such name.'

«This letter was delivered, and away went the travellers. They had not rode far, before they fell into the company of a gentleman, a degree above the common level, and who seemed to be a man of candour and integrity, which encouraged them to recount what had happened. He said in answer, that they had a narrow escape; and it was a wonder that the whole town did not fall upon them at once, and worry them: for the people there had little or no devotion besides what was engaged to the squire, as an effect of the terrors they lay under from their landlord, who rode them all down as poor as his fox-hunters. After this he took occasion, with great modesty, and decency, to draw his character, which was to the following purpose: That the squire had about fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and lived in a long white barn, where no man living was one farthing the better for him. That his piety consisted in six psalms every day after dinner without one drop of wine. That he had once reduced a certain reverend dean, plumper than any two of his brethren

and strengthen his interest among the adversaries of Walpole, so far as it could be done with se-

to be as slender about the waist as a weasel, by a fortnight's scouring of bad ale, to which the dean was not accustomed. That his hospitality was within the enclosure of a rampart, with a drawbridge. That if any gentleman was admitted by chance, his entertainment was lean salt beef, sour beer, and muddy ale. That his charity was as much upon the catch as a pick-pocket; for his method was to bring others to erect charity-schools, by promising his assistance, and so leaving them in the lurch.

“That, without the least tincture of learning, he was a great pretender to oratory and poetry, and eminently bad at both; which (I hope I shall be excused the digression) brings to my memory a character given by Julius Capitolinus of the Emperor Verus. ‘Melior quidem orator fuisse dicitur quam poeta; imo (ut verius dicam) pejor poeta quam rhetor:’ viz. He was a better orator than poet; but, to speak the thing more properly, he was a viler poet than an orator. But to give you a specimen of his genius, I shall repeat an epigram of his own composition, (and I am very sure it is every line his own, without any help), which is drawn by a sign-dauber on the cross-

curity and decency. He was distinguished by a readiness of wit, with which he could retort

board of a ferry-boat, in characters that have hitherto stood the fury of all weathers.

All you that are
 To Andrew Heir,
 And you that him attend,
 Shall ferry'd be
 O'er Carrick free,
 For Blank 's the boatman's friend.

The behaviour of this squire being of the most savage kind, I think myself obliged, out of the tender regard which I bear to all strangers and travellers, to animadvert upon him in as gentle a manner as the occasion will allow, and, therefore, I shall first lay down a few postulatus. That every travelling gentleman is presumed to be under the protection of the governing mayor, sovereign, portriff, or squire of the town or village, which he happens to make his stage; that the laws of humanity, hospitality, and civility, oblige him, if there be no accommodation in the public-houses fit for a person of distinction, to invite him to his own, or supply the deficiencies as well as he can; that if any insult or injury be of-

and parry even the attacks of Swift. Of this we have already seen a very classical instance. And

ferred, either to such stranger or his servants, the squire is obliged to justify, vindicate, and espouse their cause. This was the method observed among the civilized people of the old Jewish and heathen world, where we find some of the patriarchs themselves condescending to wash the feet of such travellers as they entertained. And so sacred was the regard for strangers among the heathens, that they dignified their supreme god with the title of Jupiter Hospitalis. Nothing was thought so monstrous as to offer any violence to sojourners among them; which was so religiously observed, that it became the glory of the most distinguished heroes to destroy and extirpate such as were remarkable for their cruelty to strangers. This it was which added so much glory to the character of Theseus, for the punishments he inflicted on Sisiphus, Procrustes, etc. It was owing likewise to a generous indignation, that Hercules threw Diomedes (the colonel and squire of that age) to be devoured by those horses which he fed with the flesh of poor travellers; and I find, upon inquiry, that they were coach-horses, too. I shall make no farther remark upon this, nor application, but say to the

it is said that, about the time when the proclamation was abroad against the Drapier's fourth

squire that it is very happy for him the present age has not one Hercules left, or a week would not pass before he should feel the weight of that hero's club, or be thrown, by way of reprisal, under his own horses' feet. And I may farther add that, in this whole kingdom, from one end of it to the other, another squire could not be found who would behave himself in the same manner to the same person: but hundreds who, on the contrary, would have given all the satisfaction that gentlemen of justice, humanity, and common benevolence, ought to do, upon the like accident, although they had never seen him before. I confess this paper contains nothing besides a dry fact, and a few occasional observations upon it. But, in the former, I told my readers that facts would be the chief part of the entertainment I meant to give them. If what I have said may have any effect on the person concerned (to whom care shall be taken to send this account), or if it helps to revive the old spirit of hospitality among us, — or, at least, begets a detestation of the like inhuman usage in others, one part of my design is answered. However, it cannot be unseasonable to expose

letter, the Dean visited the castle, and having waited for some time without seeing the lord-lieutenant, wrote upon one of the windows of the chamber of audience these lines: —

My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task,
For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask.

Under which Carteret wrote the following happy reply:

My very good Dean, there are few who come
here,
But have something to ask, or something to fear.

On some such occasion, where Carteret had parried, with his usual dexterity, some complaint or request of Swift, he exclaimed, "What, in God's name, do you do here? Get back to your own country, and send us our boobies again!"

malice, avarice, brutality, and hypocrisy, wherever we find it."

I find this story of Squire Ram alluded to by Mr Geogeghan, a correspondent of the Dean, who makes it his boast, that he had filled the offending coachman drunk, and thereby occasioned him to lose both his place and character. —

They appear uniformly to have understood each other. Carteret took no offence at the patriotic effusions of the Dean, however vehement, and Swift, without expecting that thorough change of measures respecting Ireland, which he knew it was not in Carteret's power to effect, was contented to exert his influence as occasion offered, to prevail on the lord-lieutenant to promote either his own personal friends, or persons whom he had political reasons for recommending. The Dean had, indeed, no longer those high ideas of Carteret's patriotism, which seem to have dictated the poem entitled "The Birth of Manly Virtue;" but, down to the period of his leaving Ireland, he continued to retain as much respect for him, as was consistent with his consenting to remain the involuntary instrument of a ministry whom he hated, and their nominal agent in measures which he secretly disapproved.* And he acknowledged at the same

* I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time, that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring

time, with gratitude, the lord-lieutenant's attention to his recommendations. Carteret's complaisance on such occasions excited the loud complaints of Richard Tighe, and other violent Whigs, who, knowing by what a precarious tenure the lord-lieutenant held his situation, endeavoured to alarm him by an outcry that his favours were chiefly conferred upon those who were disaffected to government; on which occasion Swift, with his usual ironical gravity, wrote his Vindication of Lord Carteret from the charge of favouring none but Tories, High-churchmen and Jacobites, in which he ascribes the promotion of Sheridan (so speedily checked), and that of Delany, to the lieutenant's old-fashioned taste for classical literature, which, in these cases, had unfortunately prevailed over the more laudable quality of party zeal. In this treatise the demerits of Lord Allen and Tighe are exposed, as having been most active in exciting those clamours among the high-flown adherents of the ministry, or, as Swift entitles them, the hoppers, pretenders, expecters, and professors, whose claim it was to engross all the favours of government. Besides his friendship for the lord-

so many of my friends in the church: the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr Delany and Mr Stopford."

lieutenant himself, the Dean was upon the best terms with his lady, his mother-in-law, Lady Worsley, and his whole family, as appears from his "Apology," addressed to Lady Carteret.

In the course of these three years, the Dean had some other literary encounters. One of his antagonists, Jonathan Smedley, Dean of Clogher, a man of indifferent character, a trader in the petty scandal of literature, a violent Whig withal, had published a tolerably complete collection of all the ribaldry which he could compose or rake together against Pope and Swift, under the title of GULLIVERIANA, or a fourth volume to their Miscellany. This presumption not only procured him a prominent place in the Dunciad, but, upon his coming to Ireland, under the protection of the Duke of Grafton, and becoming Dean of Clogher, gained him the farther distinction of repeated notice in the Dean's satires. It was not unprovoked, for Smedley's "much malice" was "mingled with a little wit," and, like the abuse of all who care not what they say, his lampoons sometimes hit the mark. * But what seems to have provoked the

* There has been printed a tolerable poem of Smedley's on Swift's instalment; and the following, though a malignant caricature, has

Dean more than personal libels, to which he was in general insensible, was, that Smedley affected

considerable point and vivacity, as well as a distorted resemblance to the Dean's character: —

THE DEVIL'S LAST GAME,

A SATIRE.

SAID Old Nick to St Michael, you use me but ill,
To suppress all my force, and restrain all my
skill;

Let me loose at religion, I'll show my good parts,
And try if your doctrine can balance my arts.

'T is a match cried the angel, and drew off his
guard,

And the devil slipt from him, to play a court
card.

The first help he sought was a qualified mind,
That had compass and void for the use he de-
sign'd.

There occur'd a pert nothing, a stick of church
timber,

Who had stiffness of will, but his morals were
limber:

To whom wit served for reason, and passion
for zeal;

to court Carteret's favour, in the "looser rhyme,"
with which "t'other Jonathan," as he familiarly

Who had teeth like a viper, and tail like an eel :
Wore the malice of hell with heavenly grace,
Of humour enchanting, and easy of face ;
His tongue flow'd with honey, his eyes flash'd
delight ;

He despised what was wrong, and abused what
was right ;

Had a knack to laugh luckily ; never thought
twice :

And with coarseness of heart had a taste that
was nice,

Nature form'd him malignant, but whetting
him fast,

He was edged for decay, and too brittle to last.

He would quarrel with virtue because 't was his
foe's,

And was hardly a friend to the vice which he
chose :

He could love nothing grave, nothing pleasant
forbear ;

He was always in jest, but was most so in prayer !

Lord be praised, quoth the devil, a fig for all
grace !

So he breathed a new brogue o'er the bronze of
his face ;

termed Swift, used to propitiate Ormond and Oxford. A part of the Dean's displeasure even fell upon Delany, who, being a good deal about the person of the lord-lieutenant, and by no means so indifferent to his own interest as the thoughtless Sheridan, endeavoured, by poetical epistles, fables, etc. occasionally to awake his patron's benevolence. Swift, who despised what he called the trade of a "sweetener," unmoved by the occasional strokes of flattery to himself, interspersed through those pieces, rebuked Delany with considerable asperity for his assentation. The Doctor had given farther offence, by attacking the *Intelligencer*, to which he was not aware that Swift was a contributor. This produced "Paddy's character of the *Intelligencer*," in which the assaults of Delany on Sheridan are compared to those of the wasp who pursued the eagle even to the bosom of Jupiter, and even there,

The spiteful insect stung the god,
But, from the address to Delany on the libels

Lent him pride above hope, and conceit above
spleen,
Slipt him into church service, and call'd him
a Dean.

written against him, it is evident, that, notwithstanding these satirical effusions, he retained a considerable place in the Dean's favour. Indeed, it was the influence of Delany, which indirectly, or perhaps directly, occasioned the final offence taken by Queen Caroline against Swift. To understand this, there must be produced on the stage three characters of a very subordinate and dubious description.

The Reverend Thomas Pilkington was introduced by Delany to Dean Swift's notice, and obtained an humble post in his cathedral. Having some vivacity of talents, though totally devoid of principle, he made himself agreeable by petty attentions and services; and, upon his expressing a wish to go to England, the Dean, who was ever anxious to reward kindness and to serve merit, or what seemed to be such, gave him warm recommendations to his old friend Barber, then Lord Major of London, who made Pilkington his chaplain. He also introduced him to Pope, Bolingbroke, and one or two other friends. But they were soon disgusted by his impudence and undisguised profligacy, which produced from Bolingbroke, and even from Barber, an expostulation to Swift on the too great readiness with which he granted such recommendations. Pilkington's wife was a person of much the same description with himself, having some

cleverness, much petulance, and a plentiful lack both of virtue and discretion. From her husband being for some time about the Dean's person, this gossiping dame picked up some knowledge of his peculiar habits, and some little anecdotes concerning him, which she afterwards represented as having all taken place in her own presence, with the addition of abundance of figments which had no foundation whatever. *

About the same time, and also by the recom-

* Her pretended intimacy at the deanery was in the highest degree exaggerated, for she was never even seen there by Mrs Whiteway. Yet, in some way or other, she had acquired considerable knowledge of the Dean's habits. For example, one of her anecdotes is, that she saw Swift cut the leaves out of a handsomely bound book of poems, and put them into the chimney grate, saying, he would give them what they wanted greatly — *fire* — and that she was employed by him to paste into the cover the letters of his friends. Now, among Dr Lyons' papers, there are actually the folio boards of a book which has suffered this operation, and in the inside, a list, in Swift's hand, of the letters which had been pasted in to supply the original contents.

mendation of Dr. Delany, the Dean interested himself considerably in advancing a subscription for the poems of Mrs Barber, the wife of a wool-len-draper in Dublin. She was desirous of dedicating her book to Lord Orrery, and she prevailed upon the Dean to ask permission of his lordship to such effect; and Swift's letter to that purpose is printed as preliminary to her dedication. When this person went to England in 1731, to get her work printed, Swift appears to have recommended her to Dr Arbuthnot, Gay, Lady Betty Germaine, Mrs. Cæsar, Mr. Barber the printer, and others, whom he thought likely to advance her interest. But an extraordinary circumstance occurred: for about this time Queen Caroline received three letters, with the Dean's signature, but written in a feigned hand, recommending to her in very haughty and unbecoming terms, an inquiry into the distresses of Ireland, and descending at once, from a warm and even violent exposition of national grievances, to the case of Mrs Barber, who is extolled, in the most extravagant manner, as eminent for genius and merit, an honour to her country and to her sex; the best female poet of this or any other age, honoured or envied by every man of genius in England. Queen Caroline was extremely incensed at the tenor of these letters, as well she might, nor did she drop her resentment,

although Mrs. Howard expressed her conviction that they were a forgery. Swift, on his part, wrote to Pope and to Mrs. Howard, disavowing the letters alluded to, * disclaiming those extra-

* Dr Johnson says, "he urged the improbability of the accusation, but never denied it; he shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing." It is unpleasant to observe one man of genius pass such harsh and undeserved censures on another. In his letter to Pope, Swift allows he might be guilty of folly — "But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her Majesty has not encouraged Mrs Barber, a woollen-draper's wife declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying, — was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise my hand,

vagant eulogies which were heaped on Mrs Barber with so little modesty, and explaining, that he had only taken an interest in her subscription, meaning to assist humble and indigent merit. Nothing more indeed could be inferred from the terms of his letter to Lord Orrery, printed in Mrs Barber's book, as preliminary to her dedication to that nobleman. Nor was it to be thought that he would have expressed himself in terms of such exaggeration to Queen Caroline, while he was writing his real opinion to the public in a tone of decent moderation. But in this exculpation, he resumed all his former causes of displeasure against the queen and Mrs. Howard (now Countess of Suffolk), particularly his being

and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable." Can this be fairly termed shuffling? Surely the pointing out the utter absurdity of an accusation is the strongest possible mode not only of denying, but disproving it. The reader may also compare the terms of the forged letter with the limited and qualified commendation by which the Dean recommends Mrs Barber to the protection of Lord Orrery. These cannot be better expressed than in the prefatory letter with which he honoured her very indifferent volume of poems.

advised by the latter to remain in London after the death of George I. when he designed to have visited the continent; nor did he forget the unrequited present of Irish silk, nor her majesty's omitting to send the promised medals. Lady Suffolk returned a good-humoured answer, and Lady Betty Germaine afterwards undertook, with great spirit, the defence of her friend. But the idea of her insincerity was too deeply impressed upon the Dean's mind; all future correspondence was dropped between them; and the breach became irreconcilable between Swift and the court.

The reader may be disposed to ask, who could have taken it upon them to forge letters addressed to the queen by such a person? The only letter preserved is in a large female hand, bearing no resemblance whatever to that of the Dean, any more than the outrageous compliments to Mrs Barber correspond with his taste or style, who, even in praising his dearest friends, usually conveyed his eulogy under a mask of irony, and whose taste was too just to bestow such extravagant commendations on verses which scarce reach mediocrity. It is therefore probable they were forged by Mrs. Barber, or some of her friends; which is the more likely, as scandal imputed to her an intrigue with an Irish literary character of some distinction. The Pilkingtons,

husband and wife, were also acquainted with the poetess, and either of them were capable, from talents and disposition, to have committed such an imposture, and knew enough of the Dean's style to execute such a clumsy imitation as that letter exhibits. There is some reason to think Mrs Barber became alarmed at the probable consequence of these letters, and dreaded the queen's resentment. Indeed, the vexation that Swift was to experience from these unworthy Pilkingtons did not terminate here, and it may be as well to conclude the subject at once.

Swift readily abandoned the profits of his publications to those whom he meant to favour, and, in his regard for Mrs Barber, he permitted her to sell, for her own benefit, the "Verses to a Lady, who desired to be addressed in the heroic style." She conveyed them to the press through the medium of the notorious Pilkington. Some passages awakened the wrath of Walpole, who, though generally indifferent to satire, seems to have feared that of the Dean, and caught at the opportunity of making his publishers an example. Pilkington betrayed both Barber the printer and Motte the bookseller; and they were subjected to repeated examinations before the privy council. But as neither judged it necessary to be punctual in recollecting any circumstances which could be prejudicial to themselves,

they were discharged without any punishment.* Indeed, according to our modern ideas of libels, we search the poem in vain for any passage upon which such a charge could be grounded. But it is possible that it does not now appear in its original state, nor has the editor ever seen the first edition. Swift's eyes were now opened to the infamy of the Pilkingtons, which he expressed strongly in a letter to his old friend, Alderman Barber.** For Mrs Barber, however, he retained his regard, and at her request, so late as 1736, bestowed upon her the manuscript of his "Essay on Polite Conversation," a set of dialogues which he had compiled thirty years before,† for the

* See Motte's account of the matter in a letter to the Dean, 31st July, 1735.

** "I confess that Dr Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender, for he forced me to countenance Pilkington; introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife, whereas he proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore, in either kingdom."

† It seems to be the same with the Essay on Conversation, which he designed for publication in 1710.

purpose of exposing the quaint and tritcal smartnesses which good spirits and gaiety of temper pass off in certain circles for wit and brilliancy. At the same time it must be owned, that, in the editor's apprehension at least, the Dean's native humour has predominated over his desire to ridicule the conversation of the times, for those who frequent society must often have partaken in dialogues much more tiresome than those of Miss Notable and Tom Neverout. The predominance of proverbs in these dialogues must certainly have been rather owing to the Dean's peculiar humour, than to any custom or fashion of the time.

The occasional poems which the Dean published about this time were numerous and of various kinds. Some were satirical, and such were almost universally given to the public anonymously by means of the hawkers. Under this description fall the various political poems already mentioned; and such as we have still to allude to, the attacks upon Lord Allen and Tighe, published in the *Intelligencer*, or in single sheets or broadsides, as they are generally termed, which were consigned to the hawkers. These may be classed with his political satires in prose, since the Dean seldom was offended to the extent of making a public assault upon his adversary,

without attacking him at once with both weapons, of prose and verse.

There was another class of fugitive pieces in which the Dean neglected both the decency due to his station as a clergyman and a gentleman, and his credit as a man of literature. These were poems of a coarse and indelicate character, where his imagination dwelt upon filthy and disgusting subjects, and his ready talents were employed to embody its impurities in humorous and familiar verse. The best apology for this unfortunate perversion of taste, indulgence of caprice, and abuse of talent, is the habits of the times, and situation of the author. In the former respect, we should do great injustice to the present day, by comparing our manners with those of the reign of George I. The writings even of the most esteemed poets of that period contain passages which, in modern times, would be accounted to deserve the pillory. Nor was the tone of conversation more pure than that of composition; for the taint of Charles II.'s reign continued to infect society until the present reign, when, if not more moral, we have become at least more decent than our fathers. * and al-

* The editor was told by his late regretted friend, Mr John Kemble, that there existed a distinct

though Swift's offences of this description certainly far exceeded those of contemporary authors, the peculiarities of his habits and state of mind are also to be received in extenuation of his gross-

oral tradition of a conversation having passed between a lady of high rank, seated in a box in the theatre, and Mr Congreve, the celebrated dramatist, who was placed at some distance; which is so little fit for these pages, that a rake of common outward decency would hardly employ such language in a brothel. Indeed, it is only necessary to refer to the ordinary novels by which our ancestors were amused, to estimate the improvement of public delicacy. The editor was acquainted with an old lady of family, who assured him that, in her younger days, Mrs Ben's novels were as currently upon the toilet as the works of Miss Edgeworth at present; and described with some humour her own surprise, when, the book falling into her hands after a long interval of years, and when its contents were quite forgotten, she found it altogether impossible to endure, at the age of fourscore, what at fifteen she, like all the fashionable world of the time, had perused without an idea of impropriety.

ness. This unfortunate propensity seems nearly allied to the misanthropy which was a precursor of his mental derangement; and notwithstanding the talent employed upon those coarse subjects, "The Lady's Dressing-Room," — "Cassinus and Peter," — "Chloe," and other poems of that class, are to be ranked with the description of the Yahoos, as the marks of an incipient disorder of the mind, which induced the author to dwell upon degrading and disgusting subjects, from which all men, in possession of healthful taste and sound faculties, turn with abhorrence. If it be true, as alleged by Delany, that this propensity only distinguished the latter years of Swift's life,* it may be more readily accounted for from this cause, than by supposing that Swift acquired from Pope a habit of thinking and writing, in which he far exceeded Pope himself. In-

* So says Delany, and adds, that he had heard the Dean rebuke Stella with great asperity for using a coarse allusion in society. His delicacy, however, must have been only occasional and capricious, for the Journal furnishes many instances how little it influenced his own correspondence with females. As to Delany's charge against Pope, I suspect it arose from personal pique.

deed, as he used to call upon Pope to admire Rabelais more than the Bard of Twickenham was disposed to do, it may be urged with probability, that Swift rather led the way than received lessons in the coarseness so rankly practised by the witty Frenchman. * It may be lastly remembered, that neither in this nor other cases (unless when he had some particular point in view), did the Dean write with a view to publication. He produced and read his poems to the little circle of friends, where he presided as absolute dictator, where all applauded the manner, and none, it may be presumed, ventured to criticise the subject. Copies were requested, and frequently granted. If refused, the auditors contrived to write down from memory an imperfect version. These, in the usual course of things, were again copied repeatedly, until at length they fell into the hands of some hackney author or bookseller, who, for profit, or to affront the author, or with both views, gave them to the public. It would seem that, even to Pope himself, Swift refused an explicit acknowledgment of his having written them.**

* Spence's Anecdotes by Singers, p. 141.

** It is supposed the following postscript of a letter from Pope, 6th January, 1733-4, refers
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The verses of society, to borrow a phrase from the French, those light passages of humour which were written merely for the circle in which Swift lived at the time, have been already noticed. Besides the constant war of jest and gibe and whimsical eccentricity which was kept up between the Dean and Sheridan, he had now formed an intimacy with Sir Arthur Archeson and his lady, which gave occasion to some of his most distinguished productions of this kind. At their seat of Gosford, in the north of Ireland, he spent in 1728-9 almost a whole year, assisting Sir Arthur in his agricultural improvements, and lecturing, as usual, the lady of the manor, upon the improvement of her health by walking, and her mind by reading; and he appears to have found a docile pupil as well as an obliging hostess. Sir Arthur himself thought with the Dean on political

to some curiosity which Mrs. Martha Blount had expressed on the subject of some of these indelicate poems: "I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you, to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me."

subjects, was a good scholar and fond of the classics, which predilections formed his bond of union with Swift. The circumstance of his letting a ruinous building, called Hamilton's Bawn, to the Crown for a barrack, not only occasioned his being distinguished in the Apology for Lord Carteret, but gave rise to one of the Dean's most lively pieces of fugitive humour.* The company also whom he met at Market-hill was agreeable to him. Among these were distinguished Robert and Henry Leslie, sons of the celebrated nonjuror, Dr Leslie.

The younger brother, Henry Leslie, was an excellent scholar, and a perfect fine gentleman. He had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish service, but lost his commission upon a regulation being adopted against the employment of Protestants. He resided for several years in the town of Market hill, near Sir Arthur

* „The Grand Question Debated, whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or Malt House?" Swift sent a part of this poem, under the title of the Barrack to the *Intelligencer*. Afterwards many copies were transcribed from one which had been obtained by Lord Carteret, and at length it found its way to the public.

Acheson's house, and Swift appears to have been his guest for about six months, in 1730, the year following his long residence in Sir Arthur Acheson's family. At Market-hill he also met Captain Creighton, an aged and reduced officer of dragoons, whose campaigns had been chiefly directed against the Scotch west-country Whigs during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. To relieve this old gentleman's necessities, Swift compiled his tales of youthful adventure into a distinct narrative, which was published for the captain's benefit, with considerable success.

His residence at Market-hill was so agreeable to Swift, that one time he seems to have thought of rendering it more permanent, by taking a lease from Sir Arthur, with the purpose of building a villa. The name of the chosen spot was changed from Drumlack to Drapier's-Hill, in order the better to deserve the intended honour; and Sir Arthur, or some friend in his name, published a poem in the Dublin Journal, addressed to the Dean, and exulting in the future fame of a place on which he had resolved to fix his residence. If we are to interpret literally the poetical apology which Swift made for laying aside this project, he had not found Sir Arthur uniformly guided by his opinion in the management of his estate, and had discovered that the knight's taste in literature, being turned toward

metaphysics , was more different from his own than he had expected. But a growing reluctance to expend money , and the distance of the situation from Dublin , a distance rendered incommodious by the Dean's increasing infirmities , were probably the real reasons for his declining a project , adopted perhaps hastily , and without much reflection.

Indeed his presence as a visitor , in the state of his health and spirits , was not altogether without inconvenience. Family tradition says , that Swift was already subject to those capricious and moody fits of melancholy and ill-humour , which preceded the decay of his understanding. He sometimes retired from table , and had his victuals carried into his own apartment , from which he would not stir till his good-humour returned. And in one of those fits of caprice he took the liberty , during Sir Arthur Acheson's absence , to cut down an old and picturesque thorn near the house , which his landlord particularly valued. On this occasion , Sir Arthur was seriously displeased , and the Dean was under the necessity of propitiating him by those verses , which have rendered the old thorn at Market-hill immortal. *

* Mr Sheridan has preserved two anecdotes of

Such stories, imperfectly reported by scandal, and listened to with malignant greediness by envy, occasioned a charge against Swift, similar

Swift about this period. Captain Hamilton, of Castle-Hamilton, a plain country gentleman, but of excellent natural sense, came upon a visit at Market-Hill, while the Dean was staying there. « Sir Arthur, upon hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive him at the door, followed by Swift. The captain, who did not see the Dean, as it was in the dusk of the evening, in his blunt way, upon entering the house, exclaimed, 'that he was very sorry he was so unfortunate to choose that time for his visit.' — Why so? — 'Because I hear Dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country'squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at.' Swift then stepped to the captain, from behind Sir Arthur, where he had stood, and said to him, 'Pray, Captain Hamilton, do you know how to say *yes*, or *no*, properly?' — 'Yes, I think I have understanding enough for that.' — 'Then give me your hand, — depend upon it, you and I will agree very well.' The captain told me he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life, nor had ever met with so agreeable a compa-

to that which was preferred after his residence at Gaulstown House. Against this malicious alle-

nion as Swift proved to be during the whole time."

The other anecdote records a ready reply by a gentleman who passed by the name of Killbuck Tuite to Swift, who upbraided him with not knowing the way to Market-Hill. "That is the way," said Swift, "with all you Irish blockheads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill." — "Why," answered Tuite, "I never was at Market-Hill: Have not you been there, Mr. Dean?" He acknowledged he had. — "Then what a damned English blockhead are you," replied Killbuck, "to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never had been, when you don't know it yourself, who have been there?" Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terror, immediately rose and changed seats with Doughty (a man of great size and strength), who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Tuite to protect him against that wild man, and shulking behind him like a child, with well acted fear, to the no small entertainment of the company; who, however, were not sorry that the Dean had met with his match."

gation of ingratitude and inhospitality, which was urged in some verses handed about Dublin, and afterwards printed, Swift defended himself at length in a letter to Dr. Jinny, Rector of Armagh. He mentions the "Grand Question Debated" as the ground of the charge, and describes this sort of composition as merely sallies of fancy and humour, intended for private diversion; appeals to Jinny's knowledge of the whole history of the verses on the Barrack, and the favourable reception it met with from Sir Arthur Acheson and his lady. The charge of ingratitude brought against him he repels with suitable disdain. "I was originally," he observes, "as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be; but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened; and while the friends I have left will continue to use me with any kindness, I shall need but a small degree of philosophy to bear me up against those who are pleased to be my enemies on the score of party zeal, and the hopes of turning that zeal to account. One thing, I confess, would still touch me to the quick; I mean if any person of true genius would employ his pen against me; but, if I am not very partial to myself, I cannot remember that, among at least two thousand papers full of groundless reflections against me, hundreds of

which I have seen, and heard of more, I ever saw any one production that the meanest writer could have cause to be proud of: for which I can assign a very natural reason; that, during the whole busy time of my life, the men of wit (in England) were all my particular friends, although many of them differed from me in opinions of public persons and proceedings.

In this society, and with these amusements, but with health gradually undermined, Swift endured, and occasionally enjoyed existence, from the death of Stella, in 1727, till about 1732.

SECTION VII.

Swift's conduct as a dignified Clergyman — His controversies with the Dissenters — And with the Bishops of Ireland — Verses on his own Death — Faulkner's edition of his Works — His quarrel with Beltesworth — Satire on Quadrille — Legion Club — Controversy concerning the lowering of the Gold Coin — History of Queen Anne's reign — Swift's private Life at this period — He disposes of his Fortune to found an Hospital — He sinks into incapacity — His Death.

BEFORE proceeding to the melancholy remainder of Swift's life, we may here resume an account of his conduct as a dignitary of the Church of England, and of the various occasions in which he stood forth in her behalf, when he conceived her rights assaulted and endangered.

It ought to be first noticed, that Swift possessed, in the fullest degree, the only secure foundation for excellence in the clerical profession—a sincere and devout faith in the doctrines of Christianity. This was doubted during his life, on account of the levities in the Tale of a Tub; and also because he carried his detestation of hypocrisy to such a blameable excess, that he was rather willing to appear indifferent about religion, than to be suspected of affecting over zeal in her cause. Thus, when in London, he rose early in the morning, that he might attend public worship without observation; and in Dublin, Delany was six months in his house before he discovered that the Dean read prayers to his family with punctual regularity. He was equally regular in his private devotions. The place which he occupied as an oratory was a small closet, in which, when his situation required to be in some degree watched, he was daily observed to pray with great devotion. When his faculties, and particularly his memory, began to fail, he used often to inquire anxiously whether he had been in this apartment in the course of the day, and if answered in the affirmative, seemed to be delivered from the apprehension that he had neglected the duties of devotion.

Thus impressed with the practical belief of the

truths which it was his profession to teach, he was punctual in the discharge of those public duties incumbent on his dignified station in the church. He read the service in his cathedral regularly, though with more force than grace of elocution, and administered the sacrament weekly, in the most solemn and devout manner, with his own hands. He preached also in his turn; and the sermons which have been preserved belie his own severe censure, "that he could only preach pamphlets." On the contrary, Swift's discourses contain strong, sensible, and precise language, which distinguishes all his prose writings. They are not, indeed, without a cast of his peculiar humour, but it is not driven beyond the verge of propriety. As he considered the power of pulpit elocution as of the last consequence to the church, he used to attend particularly to the discourse of every young clergyman who preached in his cathedral, and never failed to minute down such words as seemed too obscure for the understandings of a popular congregation. In his Letter to a Clergyman, he has dwelt upon this common error of young preachers, which, with other excellent remarks contained in that treatise, shows that Swift not only valued the dignity of his order, but knew that it can only be maintained by the regular discharge of clerical duties in a decorous and practical manner.

But his zeal for the interests of his younger brethren was not only shown by public and private precepts, and by the tracts he wrote upon the Fates of Clergymen, and the Hatred against the Clergy; — he endeavoured to serve them more effectually by patronage and recommendation. It was to this purpose chiefly he turned his intimacy with Carteret, and his long friendship with Lady Betty Germaine, who resided in the family with his successor, the Duke of Dorset, and possessed influence with him. The frequency and urgency of his applications, as well as, generally speaking, the worth of those in whose favour they were made, give the best and most solid proof of his real interest in the promotion of clergymen of virtue and learning.

Within his own deanery, Swift was scrupulously accurate in maintaining and improving the revenues of the living, and rejected every proposal which was made to raise wealth for himself, at the expense of the establishment. When he was almost sunk into imbecility, and love of money, a habit rather than a passion, seemed to be his sole remaining motive of action, he rejected, with indignation, a considerable sum, offered for the renewal of a lease, upon terms which would have been unfavourable for his successors. To the last moment of his capacity, he kept an accurate account of the reve-

nues of the cathedral, and even of the sums collected and expended in charity, of which his accounts are now before the editor. One is dated so low as 1742.*

Upon the same principle, the Dean took care, by consulting proper judges, that the choir of his cathedral should be well regulated, and his correspondence with Dr. Arbuthnot often turns

* The entries in these records sometimes exhibit the Dean's peculiar humour, as for example,—

“Increased to Mr Lyon by the pernicious vice and advice of my daily sponge and [a word illegible]

Will's son, to 12 scoundrels at

6½ d. per week, fortnight, l. 0 6 6

1739-40, January 12. A long extraordinary cold season, and I

was worried by Mr Lyon to give

more than the fund will support.

However I give 20 shill.

[March 11. To a blind parson and his wife,

0 2 8½

The Will's son, above mentioned, was Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactolway, living then an inmate in the Dean's family, but expelled from it in 1742, for using personal violence to Swift.

upon procuring proper choristers. His zeal in this particular also survived the decay of his abilities, for he drew up a singular document, prohibiting the members of his choir from attending ordinary music meetings, so late as 28th January, 1741. The Dean himself did not affect either to be a judge or admirer of music,* yet he possessed the power of mimicking it in a wonderful degree. A person regretting at his table that he had not heard Mr Rosingrave, then just returned from Italy, perform upon the organ; "You shall hear him now," said Swift, and immediately started off into a burlesque imitation of the chromatics of the musician, to the inexpressible amusement of the company, excepting one old gentleman, who remained unmoved, because, as he said, "he had heard Mr Rosingrave himself perform the same piece that morning." This exploit led to the Dean's composing the celebrated cantata, burlesquing the doctrine of imitative sounds in poetry and music. It was set to music by Dr John Eccles.

* See his verses to himself, beginning,

Grave Dean of St Patrick's how comes it to pass,
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
etc.

With a great zeal for the rights of his order, which did not, however, in his own opinion, transgress the bounds of toleration, Dean Swift, upon every occasion, when the question occurred, obstinately resisted any relaxation of the penal laws against dissenters. So early as 1708, he had published his Letter on the Sacramental Test, and, about twenty years after, his Narrative of the Attempts of the Dissenters, for the Repeal of the Test Act, appeared in the Correspondent, a periodical paper of the day. This, in 1731, he reprinted as an appendix to the „Presbyterians' Plea of Merit,” a treatise which gave the dissenters great offence, as it contradicted and even ridiculed their pretensions to peculiar zeal for the reformed religion and the Protestant succession. The clamour which this pamphlet excited did not prevent Swift from following it up, in the next year, by an ironical statement, entitled, „The Advantages Proposed by Repealing the Sacramental Test.” In the same year he published „Queries relating to the Sacramental Test;” and in 1733, „Reasons for Repealing the Test in favour of the Roman Catholics;” in all which treatises, the cause of the dissenters was treated with very great severity, and it was more than insinuated, that relaxation ought to be made rather in favour even of the Catholics, than of the Protestant dissenters. The

former he compared to a lion, but chained and despoiled of his fangs and claws; the latter to a wild cat loose, in full possession of teeth and talons, and ready to fix them into the Church of England. On the same subject the Dean wrote several fugitive pieces of poetry, and probably more occasional tracts than have yet been recovered. *

* The following tracts on the same subject have been collected by Dr Barret: —

The Test Act examined by the Test of Reason.

Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

HORAT.

Dublin, printed in the year 1733.

History of the Test Acts, in which the mistakes in some late writings against it are rectified, and the importance of it to the church explained. Printed at London. Dublin, reprinted by George Faulkner, in Essex Street, opposite to the Bridge, 1733.

The case of the Test considered, with respect to Ireland. Dublin, Faulkner, 1733.

The natural impossibilities of better uniting Protestants, etc. by repealing the Test. Dublin, printed by Faulkner, 1733.

Several of his poetical pieces are levelled

While Swift was with one hand combating the dissenters, he maintained with the other a controversy against the majority of the bishops of his own church. After the accession of the House of Hanover, divines of low-church principles were of course selected to fill vacant sees, besides which, in cases where the minister found himself obliged to confer preferment, without a strict regard to character, he naturally inclined to make the party an Irish rather than an English prelate. When some instances of this kind, real or alleged, were lamented in Swift's presence, he denied the imputation, with his usual ironical bitterness. "No blame," he said, "rested with the court for these appointments. Excellent and moral men had been selected upon every occasion of vacancy. But it unfortunately has uniformly happened, that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath, on their road to Ireland, to take possession of their bishoprics, they have been regularly robbed and murdered by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead."

against the claims of the dissenters; as the Fable of the Bitches, and the Tale of a Nettle, etc.

With such an idea of the Irish prelacy, joined to his native spirit of independence, Swift was induced to regard with a very jealous eye any innovations which they might propose, affecting the great body of the clergy. Under this impression, he wrote, in 1723, "Arguments against enlarging the Power of Bishops in letting Leases," a latitude which, he foreboded; might lead ultimately to the impoverishment of the church. In the same tract he combats some of Lord Molesworth's arguments against the mode of collecting tithes. In 1731, the bishops of Ireland, or a majority of them, brought two bills into Parliament, one for the purpose of enforcing clerical residence, and, with that view, for compelling the clergy to build houses upon their glebes; the other for subdividing large livings into as many portions as the bishops should think fit, reserving to the original church only 300 *l.* per annum. In these bills, which were passed in the House of Lords, Swift thought he discovered a scheme on the part of the Irish prelates to impoverish and degrade the body of the clergy, besides subjecting them to the absolute dominion of their spiritual superiors. He argued against the measures with great acrimony, in two tracts, entitled "On the Bill for the Clergy residing upon their Livings," and Considerations upon two bills sent down from the

House of Lords to the House of Commons, relating to the Clergy." Both bills were thrown out by the House of Commons; upon which occasion Swift indulged himself in some bitter poetical satires against the discomfited bishops. * The violence of his dislike to these proceedings breaks out in a private letter to his former friend Dr Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, in which he entitles them "those two abominable bills for enslaving and beggaring the clergy;" rejoices that he was not in intimate habits with the bishop when he voted for them, lest he should have discovered "marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment; "and concludes with calling God to witness, "that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating farther promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable

* See verses "On the Irish Bishops, 1731;" and "Judas;" also a Letter to Sheridan, 19th September, 1735.

thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion (an argument not to be conquered), or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same *snare*, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops, and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach, by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with." To this violent philippic Bishop Sterne returned a very civil and temperate reply.

About this period, that is, between 1730 and 1735, the Dean produced some of his best pieces of poetry. The Rhapsody on Poetry, which contains perhaps a more sustained flight of poetical expression than any of his other compositions, is dated in 1733. Dr King gives us the curious information, that he was assured by Swift that he received the thanks of the royal family, who had interpreted literally the ironical passages of

praise addressed to them in the poem, a singular instance of obtuseness of intellect!

The celebrated Verses 'on Swift's own Death' were probably written about 1730 or 1731. This singular compound of knowledge of mankind, satire, and misanthropy, is founded upon the well-known maxim of Rochefoucault, "That we find something not unpleasing in the misfortunes of our best friends." A spurious copy, containing only about two hundred lines, was published in London, under the title of the Life and Character of Dr Swift, written by himself," with a dedication to Pope. This the Dean, in a letter to his illustrious friend, imputes to his having shown the real poem to his acquaintance, some of whom had retained passages by heart. But he reprobates the spurious piece, as full of the cant which he most despised. "I would sink," he says, "to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance." * In the same letter he expresses his determination not to print the true copy, as being improper to be seen until the author should be no more. On this point he afterwards altered his opinion; and, so late as January, 1738 9, entrusted Dr. William King of Oxford ** with a copy to be

* Letter to Pope, 1st May, 1733.

** Dr William King, son of the Rev. Peregrine

published in London. But as the characters of the prime-minister and Queen Caroline were touched with no gentle hand, Dr King's courage failed him, and the poem was published in a mutilated condition, omitting all such sarcasms as might be construed into a libel. The Dean, in whose estimation these passages were probably the most valuable part of the poem, was displeased with the caution of his editor; and Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller, published by his direction a full and genuine copy of these celebrated verses, with notes at length upon the political allusions, in which the story of the promised medals was not omitted.

King, born in 1685, became principal of Saint Mary's Hall in 1718. He stood candidate for the University, and being unsuccessful, went over to Ireland in 1727, where he became well known to Swift. His learning, his turn for satire, and a determined spirit of hatred to the existing government, recommended him to Swift, whose confidence he enjoyed. He was long at the head of the Non-juring or Jacobite interest at Oxford, but finally deserted it. Dr King's Anecdotes of his Own Times have been lately published, and contain some interesting particulars.

To return to the year 1732. — It appears that, about this time, the piracy of the booksellers upon the Dean's literary property had alarmed his friend Pope, who put Swift upon his guard against the solicitations of the London trade, the rather as he himself designed a fourth volume of the Miscellanies, which he published in the month of February, 1732-3. His object he states to have been, to secure a genuine edition of the most valuable of the Dean's fugitive pieces, and to anticipate the schemes of the booksellers, who were publishing what they could collect, without discrimination, inserting some of his fugitive pieces, in hopes, as he modestly expresses himself, "his weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers" when mingled with his friend's garland.

But Faulkner, who was now rising into eminence as a Dublin bookseller, chiefly under the countenance and patronage of Dean Swift,* was

* James Hoey, who was at one time a partner of Faulkner, published [without date] a collection of Swift's pieces; in prose and in verse, entitled "The Drapier's Miscellany." It contains the following pieces: —

1. The Modest Proposal" for eating the Children of the Poor.

the first who had the honour of giving to the world a collected and uniform edition of the works of this distinguished English classic. The original edition consisted of four volumes (increased after the Dean's death by repeated supplements). The arrangement is uncommonly confused and incoherent; nor is there the least reason for supposing, as seems to be intimated by Lord Orrery, and is positively averred by Wilson in the *Swiftiana*, that the Dean himself revised, or even authorized, the publication. Faulkner, after the decay of the Dean's faculties, no doubt found his interest in propagating such a report. But Swift's letters have since shown that he was barely passive upon the occasion. Indeed far from giving Faulkner authority for the publication, the Dean avers that he ex-

2. The Journal of a Dublin Lady.
3. Poem to King George, in Lilliputian verse beginning "Smile, smile, blest isle."
[Spurious.]
4. Faithful Inventory of the Household Goods of Dean Swift. [By Sheridan.]
5. Elegy on the death of Demar.
7. Letter in behalf of the parishioners to a Minister who used several hard words in his Sermon.

pressly told him, he was desirous his works should not be printed in Dublin, but in London. Faulkner replied, that as the pieces were the property of various booksellers, they could not be published in a collected state in England; that he was assured of a numerous list of subscribers; and, hoping the Dean would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest, he intimated an intention to proceed in his purpose, even without permission of the author. This is the more to be regretted, as Charles Ford, whom the Dean had entrusted so often in conveying his publications to the press, had offered the use of his corrected copy of Gulliver's Travels, and other facilities for improving a genuine edition.* Swift, as the laws of Ireland afforded no remedy,

* There is subjected to the letter in the original MS. the following postscript:

A Catalogue of Pamphlets and Papers, which I have bound, and those marked * single. I believe I can have any of the others from Ald. B. [Alderman Barber.]

*Conduct of the Allies.

*Remarks on the Barrier Treaty.

*Advice to the October Club.

A new Journey to Paris.

had no alternative but remaining quiescent; and he repeatedly expresses his regret that the collection had not been published in London, by an agreement among the English booksellers who held his copyrights, rather than in Dublin. There is, therefore, no room for supposing that this Dublin edition underwent the correction of the Dean; and, indeed, so great was his indifference to lite-

Remarks on the Letter to the Seven Lords appointed to examine Gregg.

*Some Reasons to prove that no Whig is obliged to oppose her Majesty.

Importance of the Guardian.

*Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction.

Mr Collins's Discourse of Free-thinking abstracted for the Use of the Poor.

Public Spirit of the Whigs.

*Horace, *Strenuus et Fortis*.

*Examiners, from Number 13 to Number 45.

*Toland's Invitation to Dismal.

*Ballad upon Note in Game.

*Peace and Dunkirk, a Song.

*Windsor Prophecy.

*Hugh (*i. e.* Hue) and Cry after Dismal.

*Pretender's Letter to a Whig Lord.

Some Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs, never printed.

rary reputation, that it is possible he would have given himself little trouble upon the matter, even had the book been published in London, as he himself desired.*

* See the Dean's sentiments concerning Faulkner's undertaking, but particularly a letter to Pope, wherein he states his conversation with Faulkner on the subject. The late Mr. Dean Swift used to express great displeasure at Lord Orre-ry's having insinuated that his distinguished relative had corrected the Dublin edition. The Dean had a regard for Faulkner as an industrious young man, but he was much too frivolous a character to be admitted to his confidence. There is a well-known anecdote, that Faulkner once called on the Dean, full dressed as a fashionable beau of the day. Swift received him as a stranger, with much affected respect, but refused to believe he was George Faulkner. The bookseller was obliged to retire, and reappear in a dress more suited to his station. "Ah, my good friend George," said the Dean, "I am happy to see you! Here was a coxcomb an hour ago, who pretended to pass for you, but I sent him packing." The Dean's acquiescence in Faulkner's edition, though he had no means to prevent it, raised the jealousy of

The principal interest which Faulkner could claim in the Dean was his having suffered from political prosecution, a fate which, sooner or later, befel most of Swift's publishers. The circumstance arose out of a remarkable incident of the Dean's life, which is now to be narrated.

In a satire printed in 1733, ridiculing the dissenters for pretending to the title of „Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians,” the Dean, among other ludicrous illustrations of their presumption, introduced this simile;

Thus at the bar the booby B———,
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.

The blank in the termination of the first couplet indicated Mr. Bettesworth, a member of Parlia-

Motte, and other London booksellers, who held his copyrights. The former filed a bill in Chancery against Faulkner, to prevent the sale of the Dublin edition of Swift's Works in England. Swift interposed on this occasion as mediator (see his letter to Motte, 25th May, 1786), and it would appear his mediation was successful, from the subsequent amicable intercourse between the two booksellers.

ment, and sergeant at law,* remarkable for his florid elocution in the House, and at the bar, who had been very active in promoting those proceedings which Swift regarded as prejudicial to the clergy. Upon reading the lines, he was wrought up to such a height of indignation, that, drawing out a knife, he swore he would with that very instrument, cut out the Dean's ears. After this denunciation, he went in the height of his fury to the deanery, and from thence to Mr. Worrall's, where Swift was on a visit. The family were at dinner, and the stranger being shown into another apartment, the Dean was called out to him. The sergeant advanced to him with great haughtiness, and

* The rhyme is said to have been suggested by a casual circumstance. A porter brought a burden to the Dean's house while he was busy with the poem, and labouring to find a rhyme for this uncommon name, the more anxiously, that Bettesworth exulted in the idea of its being considered as exorbitant, he wiped his forehead, saying, with the humour of a low Irishman, "Oh! your reverence, my sweat's worth half a crown." The Dean instantly caught at the words, "Ay, that it is, — there's half a crown for you." This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr Theophilus Swift.

said , “ Doctor Jonathan Swift , Dean of St. Patrick’s , I am Sergeant Bet - tesworth : ” this being his affected mode of pronouncing his name. “ Of what regiment ? ” answered Swift. After a very angry parley , Bettesworth began to raise his voice and gave such indications of violence , that Mr Worrall and the servants rushing in , compelled him to withdraw. The tradition in the Dean’s own family bears that Bettesworth actually drew his knife ; but the Dean’s narrative transmitted to the lord - lieutenant , does not countenance that last excess , only affirming , that , by Bettesworth’s own report , he had a sharp knife in his pocket , and a footman attending in the hall to open the door to one or two ruffians who waited his summons in the street . *

* Various accounts of this interview have been given , but that of the Dean to the Duke of Dorset , written immediately after it took place , ought to be preferred. The following additional circumstances are mentioned by Sheridan : “ O Mr Dean , ” said Bettesworth , in answer to the retort mentioned in the text , “ We know your powers of raillery , you know well enough that I am one of his majesty’s sergeants at law . ” — “ What then , sir ? ” — “ Why then , sir , I am come to demand of you ,

The Dean remained composed and unmoved during this extraordinary scene. It was fortunate for

whether you are the author of this poem (producing it) and these villanous lines on me?"— at the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis, and much gesticulation. — "Sir," said Swift, "it was a piece of advice given in my early days by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterward would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. Now, sir, I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and as such have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great a master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." Many other things passed, as related in the above-mentioned letter. But when Bettesworth was going away, he said, "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protection; under the sanction of which, like one of your own Yahoos who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you sit secure, and squirt your filth round on all mankind." Swift had candour enough not to conceal this last circum-

the sergeant's person, as well as his character, that he did not proceed in his meditated vengeance on the person of an old man, and a clergyman, since the attempt must have been made at the risk of his life. So soon as the news transpired, the inhabitants of that part of Dublin, called Earl of Meath's Liberty, assembled, and sent a deputation to Swift, requesting his permission to take vengeance on Bettesworth, for his intended violence to the Patriot of Ireland. Swift returned them thanks for their zeal, but enjoined them to disperse peaceably, and, adding a donation of two or three guineas, prohibited them from getting drunk with the money, adding, "You are my subjects, and I expect you will obey me." It is no slight proof of the despotism of his authority, founded as it was solely upon respect and gratitude, that his defenders complied with his recommendation in both particulars, and peaceably and soberly separated to their dwellings. For some time, however, they formed a guard among themselves for the purpose of watching the deanery, and the per-

stance, at the same time saying, "that the fellow showed more wit in this than he thought him possessed of."

son of the Drapier, lest Bettesworth should have adopted any new scheme of violence.

The consequences of this rashness were very serious to Mr. Bettesworth, for not only was he overwhelmed by the Dean and his friends with satire and ridicule, to which he had shown himself so keenly sensible,* but, in the bitterness of his heart, he confessed, in the House of Commons, that Swift's satire had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a-year. Yet his irritability was rather increased than allayed by this unpleasing result, as appears from a subsequent instance.

Dr Josiah Horte, Bishop of Kilmore. afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, although he had formerly been himself an object of Swift's satire,** was now advanced so far into his intima-

* « Bettesworth's Exultation. » — « Epigram inscribed to the Honourable Sergeant Kite. » — « The Yahoo's Overthrow, or the Kevan Bayle's new Ballad. » — « On the Archbishop of Cashel and Bettesworth. »

** See the « Storm, or Minerva's Petition, » in which Bishop Berkeley's [morals are complimented at the expence of those of his brother prelate. Horte is there termed Bishop Judas; but it seems uncertain whether he is the pre-

cy, that the Dean, in 1736, condescended to be the prelate's agent, in correcting and transmitting to Faulkner, a satire composed by Horte, upon the general taste for Quadrille;* or, in the quaint words of the bishop's request, "he pruned the loose feathers, sent the kite to the Falconer, and set it a-flying." The satire was of a very general and common-place kind, but unfortunately proposed, among other regulations, that all disputes and alterations at play should be laid before the "renowned Sergeant B — — — —," with a fee of one fish, *ad valorem*, and a right of appeal to a wooden figure in Essex-street, known by the name of the Upright Man, in case the sergeant's decision should be unsatisfactory. This insinuation was sufficient to rouse the angry feelings of Mr Bettesworth, who, although the name was dropped out of subsequent editions of the satire, thought it worth his while to complain to the House of Commons

late designated by the same hateful epithet, in the verses so entitled. The chief motive of the Dean's complaisance seems to have been a hope that Horte might be induced to provide for Sheridan.

* "A new Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille."

of breach of privilege. Faulkner the printer was arrested, put to considerable expense, and thrown into jail among ordinary felons, though he prayed to be admitted to bail. The Dean, whose blood boiled at these tyrannical proceedings, avenged himself upon Hartley Hutchinson,* the justice of peace who signed the committal, by two or three severe lampoons, and wrote, upon the same occasion, the indignant lines commencing,

Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves. **

Faulkner naturally looked to Horte for some indemnification; but the bishop intimated to him, "that in such dealings the bookseller is the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." This sordid and unhandsome evasion occasioned Swift's writing to the bishop a very severe letter, which, it is to be presumed,

* See a Vindication of the Libel, and a Friendly Apology for a certain Justice of Peace.

** The sentiment expressed in this couplet seems to have occupied the Dean's mind much at the time. It is written down with one or two trifling variations upon several memorandum papers.

produced the bookseller some more satisfactory answer. *

In 1733, the Dean's attention was attracted to some proceedings in the Irish Parliament, which seemed to him subversive of the rights of the clergy. A bill had been brought into the House of Commons for encouraging the linen manufactory, containing a clause for commuting, by a perpetual modus, the tithe payable on the articles of hemp and flax. The Dean, with Grattan, Jackson, and other clergymen, on behalf of the clergy of Ireland, presented a petition, praying to be heard by counsel against this part of the bill; and Swift composed, on the same subject, a treatise addressed to the members of the House of Commons. * The bill appears, in consequence of this opposition, to have been

* In a subsequent letter to Sheridan, the Dean says, "I did write him [Bishop Horte], lately, a letter with a witness, relating to his printing *Quadrille* (did you ever see it), with which he half ruined *Faulkner*. He promises, against his nature, to consider him, but interposed an exception which I believe will destroy the whole."

** "Some reasons against the bill for settling the tithe of hemp, flax, etc. by a modus."

dropt ; but subsequent 'vexations arose to the clergy from the same quarter.

In 1734, an almost general resistance was made against the tithe of pasturage, or tithe of agistment, as it is technically called. The House of Commons interfered against this claim on the part of the clergy, and so effectually, that the clergy were intimidated from making, and courts of law deterred from receiving, suits upon that ground. The Dean and many of his brethren viewed the conduct of the Commons on this occasion as partial and oppressive, — partial, because so many of the members were affected by that claim, that they might be considered as judging in their own cause, and oppressive, because Swift conceived that the tithe for agistment was as plainly comprised in the act of Henry VIII, as that of corn and hay. Other cases occurred about the same time, which seemed to indicate a general disposition on the part of the great land-proprietors to innovate upon the rights of the church. A cruel and exaggerated instance was the case of the 'Reverend Roger Throp, who, refusing to surrender to the patron of his living, Colonel Waller, some of its most important rights, is alleged to have been harassed by so many law-suits, assaults, and arrests, that his courage and health gave way under them, and he actually died of a broken

heart. Robert Throp, brother of the deceased, presented to Parliament a petition, stating the manifold grievances which his deceased relation had sustained from Colonel Waller, and praying the House to permit the course of law to proceed against him by arrest, notwithstanding his being a member of Parliament. About November, 1735, while this petition was in dependence, the Dean appears to have written for the newspapers a statement of Mr Throp's case, which produced on the colonel's part an advertisement, offering a reward for discovery of the author. *

* On 8th November, 1735, Mrs. Whiteway writes to the Dean, "Mr Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp. I do not know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the House of Commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanery, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping."

To this hint the Dean replies, "As to Waller's advertisement, if I was in town I would,

When the petition came before the House, it was refused unanimously.

These combined circumstances induced Swift to regard the existing Irish House of Commons as determined enemies to the rights of the church, and as leagued to oppress the clergy. He gave vent to his indignation in more than one satire, but particularly in the last poem of any length or importance which he ever composed, entitled the Legion Club. Old age had now long overtaken him, and even when he was holding the pen on this occasion, he had a continued and intense attack of his constitutional vertigo, from which he never fully recovered. The Legion

for ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative, and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here." It would be satisfactory to discover the Dean's "paragraph," which, from the date and internal evidence, must have been distinct from the octavo pamphlet on the same subject, entitled, "Lay Tyranny, or the Clergy Oppressed by Patrons and Impropriators, instanced in the memorable case of the Reverend Mr. Roger Throp." Dublin, 1739.

Club is notwithstanding one of the most animated and poignant satires that even the Dean of St Patrick's ever produced. It seems almost impossible that the poet should have sustained the extreme virulence of invective with which the description opens. Yet, when the poet descends from general to individual satire, every line has the sting of a hornet. The persons chiefly satirized in this remarkable production are Sir Thomas Prendergast, Colonel Waller, and other members whom the Dean regarded as most active in opposing the claims of the clergy. "The puppy pair of Dicks," Richard Tighe and Richard Bettesworth, his old foes, are not forgotten. The poem was no sooner published, than spurious copies appeared, in which the number of individuals satirized was considerably enlarged. It gave great offence, as may easily be supposed, and prosecutions were threatened, but none took place.*

About the same time the Dean opposed a scheme proposed by the primate Boulter for regulating the exchange of Ireland, by diminishing the value of the gold coin, which his lordship presaged would be the readiest mode of increasing the quantity of silver currency, of

* See letter from Swift to Sheridan.

which the want had been much felt. The Dean had a dislike to the primate, which was by no means lessened by his being the real and efficient prime-minister for Ireland, and the chief correspondent of Walpole upon matters affecting that kingdom. He had exercised his satire upon him accordingly.* But at the time of lowering the gold coin, Swift's exertions excited a ferment, which, though it subsided sooner, and without producing any change in the intended measure, resembled, in other respects, the opposition to Wood's scheme. The Dean spoke against the measure at the Tholsel or Exchange of Dublin; ** he distributed songs among the

* See an epigram, also "The verses on Rover, a Lady's Spaniel." These were written in ridicule of what was called Philips' Namby-Pamby verses, the mistress of the spaniel being Mrs. Boulter, who was very fat. The primate was the patron of Philips, and brought him to Ireland as his secretary, which probably did not increase Swift's respect for him. Hence the line of Pope,

"Still to our bishop Philips seems a wit."

** See Mrs Whiteway's letter to Sheridan, "The Dean, this day (24th April, 1736), went to

people; and on the day when the proclamation was read, displayed a black flag from the steeple of the cathedral, and caused a dumb or muffled peal to be rung by the bells of St Patrick's. The discontent of the lower orders was so great, that danger was apprehended to the primate's person, and his house was guarded by soldiers. At the lord mayor's entertainment, the archbishop publicly charged Swift with having inflamed the prejudices of the people against him. "I inflame them!" retorted Swift, conscious of his power among the lower orders, "had I lifted my finger, they would have torn you to pieces,"—a threat which he afterwards expressed in poetry.* The measure of lowering the gold coin, however, proved practically advantageous, and the clamour which it excited was speedily forgotten.

Thus ended Swift's last interference in public affairs, in which, excepting during the earlier

the Tholsel as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite."

* See "Ay and No, a tale from Dublin." Also a ballad on the lowering the coin, which alludes to the circumstances of the muffled peal and black flag.

part of George I.'s reign, he had been actively and often perilously engaged from 1708 to 1736. He continued, however, on all occasions, to express and maintain his original sentiments, of which he was so tenacious, that he refused to accept of the freedom of the city of Cork, until they recorded upon the instrument of freedom, and the silver box in which it was presented, their approbation of his political and patriotic principles, as the ground of distinguishing him by such an honour.* At a subsequent period of extreme weakness, Bishop Rundle has mentioned with indecent triumph, especially considering he had called Swift friend, an instance that his political dislikes survived the decay of his mental faculties. In 1741-2, upon the reported disgrace of Lord Orford, he set up an equipage.** Nor

* See the Dean's letter to the Mayor and Corporation of Cork, 15th August, 1737.

** The Dean used formerly to say, that he was the poorest man in Ireland who was served in plate, and the richest who kept no carriage. The account of his setting up one is thus given by Bishop Rundle, in a letter preserved in the British Museum. "As soon as Dean Swift heard that Lord Orford was dismissed from power, he awakened with one flash of light from his

is it to be forgotten, that Bolingbroke and Pulteney fed his antipathy against Walpole and the

dreaming of what he once was, and cried, I made a vow that I would set up a coach when that man was turned out of his places; and having the good fortune to behold that day, long despaired of, I will show that I was sincere: and sent for a coach-maker. The operator comes, — had one almost ready, — it was sent home, — horses were purchased, — and the Dean entered the triumphant double chariot, supported by two old women, and his daily flatterer, to entertain him with the only music he had an ear to hear at this age; they made up the *partie quarrée*, and, with much ado, enabled his decrepit reverence to endure the fatigue of travelling twice round our great square, by the cordial and amusement of their fulsome commendations, which he calls facetious pleasantry. But the next packet brought word (what lying varlets these news-writers are!) that Lord Orford's party revived, etc. Swift sunk back in the corner of the coach, his under jaw fell; he was carried up to his chamber and great chair, and obstinately refused to be lifted into the treacherous vehicle any more, till the news-writers at least

royal family, by regularly transmitting to him the lampoons of the day. *

shall be hanged for deceiving him to imagine that Lord Orford was *bona fide* out of power, though visibly out of place. Now he despairs of seeing vengeance taken on any, who, odd fellow! he thinks more richly deserve it; and since he cannot send them out of the world with dishonour, he intends soon to go out of it in a pet." — Letter signed Thomas Derry, dated March 20, 1741 2. MSS. Birch, 4291. *British Museum.*

The bishop is incorrect in supposing that Swift laid aside the equipage which was thus set up. It appears, from Wilson's affidavit, that Swift, in July, 1742, had a carriage of his own.

- * The Dean has labelled a paper containing three such lampoons, "An excellent satyr, part prose and part verse, received November 1st, 1738." The verses are a burlesque birth-day ode for 1738 (by Pulteney or Chesterfield), in the assumed person of "Colley Bays, Esq.;" and some lines on a coinage having been sent abroad, without the words *Dei Gratia* in the legend. Both have been printed. The prose

But although the Dean must from henceforward be considered as having ceased entirely to

lampoon is less known, and shall be inserted as a curiosity.

Supposed to be written on account of three gentlemen being seen in Kensington Gardens by the King and Queen, while they were walking.

“Now it came to pass in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, in the 8th month, in the 6th year of the King, in the beginning of hay harvest, that the King and the Queen walked arm-in-arm in the gardens which they had planted upon the banks of the river, the great river Euphrates; and behold there appeared on a sudden three armed men, sons of the giants. Then Nebuchadnezzar the King lifted up his voice and cried, Oh, men of war, who be ye? and is it peace? But they answered him not. Then spoke he and said, There is treachery, Oh, my Queen, there is treachery; and he turned his face and fled. Now when the Queen had seen what had befallen my Lord the King, she girt up her loins and fled also, crying, Oh, my God! So the King and the Queen ran together but the King

interest himself in the politics of the day, his mind, as is usual in age, appears to have reverted to those earlier scenes in which he once played a busy part, and he became, in 1737, desirous of publishing the History of the Peace of Utrecht, which he had written in 1714. With this view, he gave the manuscript, now entitled "The History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne," to Dr King of Oxford, that it might be printed in London. A report of his intention having transpired, seems to have alarmed the Earl of Oxford (son of the celebrated statesman), Mr Lewis (under-secretary of state during the last years of Queen Anne), and other persons concerned, who feared lest the Dean, in his state of mind and body, might be inadequate to the delicate task of correcting a work in which the characters of Harley and all who had acted with him were deeply implicated. Mr. Lewis pressed, in their common name, to be permitted to see the manuscript before it was sent to press; a request which the Dean granted with

outran her mightily, for he ran very swiftly, neither turned he to the right hand nor to the left; for he was sore afraid where no fear was, and fled when no man pursued."

hesitation and reluctance. * The "History" was accordingly perused by Lord Oxford and some of his friends, and, in a letter from Mr Lewis, they state various objections to its appearing in its original state. Several of these apply to what may be considered as the *speciosa miracula* of the Dean's narrative, such as the imputations on the courage of Marlborough, and the insinuation that Prince Eugene recommended the assassination of Harley. But they principally demurred to the manner in which the Dean had drawn several characters of the leading Whigs, and expressed their conviction that, if the History were published without alteration, nothing could save the printer and publisher from some grievous punishment. Lewis, therefore, conjured the Dean, by his own fame, and that of those friends whom he meant to honour by his narrative, and as he valued his personal liberty and the enjoyment of his fortune, not to permit the manuscript to be printed until he had adopted the

* See a letter from Mr Lewis, anxiously pressing this request, 30th June, 1737, with the Dean's answer, 8th April, p. 93, intimating some difficulty in complying with it. Mr Lewis again writes upon the same subject, 4th August following, and the Dean appears reluctantly to have acquiesced.

amendments his letter suggested. * The Dean, unable or unwilling to attempt the required alterations, silently acquiesced in the opinion happily expressed by Lewis, that the period of which he treated was too remote for a pamphlet, yet too early for a history. ** What became of the

* This important letter, which contains the real reason for suppressing the "History," is dated 8th April, 1738. It is quoted in the Dean's hand, "On some mistakes in the History of Four last Years," with the remarkable addition, "*Mon ami prudent.*"

** See Dr King's Letter of 23d January, 1738-9, in which, however, there is an important paragraph omitted by the transcriber, as I am informed by Mr Theophilus Swift. After the word "*direct*," and before commencing the next paragraph, the original manuscript proceeds thus:—

"I say nothing about your manuscript of the History, because I have been assured by Lord Orrery and Mr Pope that you are satisfied with Mr Lewis's, and have suspended the publication of that work in consequence of his representation."

This passage sums up the evidence concerning the suppression of the History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne.

original manuscript does not appear; but the History was published in 1758, by an anonymous editor, who professes to give it as a literary curiosity, from a copy which had been accidentally preserved in Ireland. The whole preface sustains a high and violent tone of Whig politics. To such an uncongenial editor was the Dean to owe posthumous obligation, for publishing a work suppressed during his life time at the request, or rather the entreaty, of Tory friends. The history was coldly received by the public, as relating to events gone by and forgotten. A French version of it appeared in 1765. *

It was through the medium of Dr King that Swift sent to the press, as already observed, the "Verses on his own Death," and he seems also to have meditated the publication of his well-known Instructions to Servants, on which, though it only exists as a fragment, he had bestowed much pains and observations. He himself was a kind, but a strict master, and his mode of managing his domestics would hardly have succeeded with any one but himself, who had established his will as despotic, however

* Somewhat too amply entitled "Histoire du Regne de la Reine Anne d'Angleterre," 8vo, with a fictitious Amsterdam title-page.

capricious. * He was equally minute in observing the servants of others, and told Lord Or-

* The story is well known of his commanding "Sweetheart," as he called his cookmaid Mary, to carry down a joint of meat and do it *less*, and, on her alleging that was impossible, his grave request, that when in future she pleased to commit a fault, he hoped she would choose one which might be mended. Upon another occasion, after he had permitted Sweetheart to set out on a journey to see a sister's wedding, he sent for her back, by express, to shut the door. At another time, hearing one of his servants, in the act of undressing, express a luxurious wish that he could ride to bed, the Dean summoned the man up stairs, commanded him to fetch a horse from the paddock, and prepare him for a journey, and when the poor fellow reported that the horse was ready, "mount him then, sirrah," said the Dean, "and ride to bed." There is another well-attested anecdote, communicated by the late Mr William Waller of Allanstown, near Kells, to Mr Theophilus Swift, Mr Waller, while a youth, was riding near his father's house, where he met a gentleman on horseback reading. A little surprised, he asked the servant, who followed at some distance, where they

very one day, that the attendant who waited had committed fifteen faults during the time of din-

came from? "From the Black Lion," answered the man. "And where are you going?" — "To heaven, I believe," rejoined the servant, "for my master's praying, and I am fasting." On farther inquiry, it proved that the Dean, who was then going to Laracor, had rebuked this man for presenting him in the morning with dirty boots. "Were they clean," answered the fellow, "they would soon be dirty again." — "And if you eat your breakfast," retorted the Dean, "you will be hungry again, so you shall proceed without it," which circumstance gave rise to the man's bon-mot. Another instance of his strict discipline, communicated by Mr Swift, shall close this long note.

"He was dining one day in the country, and, at going away, the servant of the family brought him his horse. As the man held the horse, the Dean called to his own man, and asked him whether it would not be proper to give something to the servant for his trouble? The man assented, and the Dean asked him what he thought would be proper to give the man, and whether half a crown was too much? 'No, sir!' — 'Very well,' replied Swift, and gave the man the half-crown. When the

ner. Yet his mode of reprimanding them was more frequently whimsical than harsh. Upon one occasion, a servant waiting at table had displeased him; — there was laver on the table, called in Ireland sloak, which Mrs Whiteway was fond of; the Dean had tasted and disliked it, but said nothing, till about to reprove the man, when he broke out with “you-you-you worse than sloak.” Sometimes he chose to mix in the mirth of his domestics. Once finding that his housekeeper, Mrs Ridgeway, had, according to custom, on his birth-day, made an entertainment for the neighbours, he requested to know at whose expense the treat was provided, and understanding that he himself was the founder of the feast, he sat down among the guests, and partook of their cheer with great good humour. Upon another occasion, he and some friends resolved to celebrate a classical Sa-

board-wages of the week came to be paid, he stopped the half-crown, and reads his servant a lecture; telling him, it was his duty to attend him, and not to leave him to the care of others; that he brought him to the house, that he might not give trouble to others; and pressed his argument by supposing he would not in future be quite so generous of his master's money.”

turnalia at the deanery, and actually placed their servants at table while they themselves attended on them. The butler, who represented the Dean, acted his master to the life. He sent Swift to the cellar in quest of some particular wine, then affected to be discontented with the wine he brought, and commanded him to bring another sort. The Dean submissively obeyed, took the bottle to the sideboard and decanted it, while the butler still abused him in his own style, and charged him with reserving some of the grounds for his own drinking. The Dean, it was observed, did not altogether relish the jest, but it was carried on as long as it gave amusement; when the tables were removed, the scene reversed, an entertainment served up to the proper guests, and every thing conducted by the very servants who had partaken of the Saturnalia, in an orderly and respectful manner. * These anecdotes serve

* This anecdote is given by Mr Theophilus Swift, on the authority of Mrs Whiteway. It appears in an exaggerated and distorted form in the Swiftiana, where it is said there was a purpose to make the Saturnalia annual, but that the Dean, unable to endure the raillery of the butler, gave a loose to passion, beat his representative, and drove the servants out of the room. For these additions, I am informed by Mr Swift, there is no foundation.

to show that the Dean took a particular pleasure in observing this class of society, and explain the extraordinary insight which he had obtained into their habits and character. The Instructions to Servants form only a fragment. The Dean had intended a more regular work, but indisposition interrupted his labours. * In 1738

* The following is a fragment of an intended preface. It occurs in the original draft of the instructions, but is in many places effaced and illegible. I am indebted to Mr Theophilus Swift for a copy of that which remains intelligible.

* * * [*Two or three words wanting.*] «A Preface to Servants.

«I have calculated these directions chiefly for town-servants; yet have here and there scattered some proper for the country. I have likewise considered some things only for private families, from 400*l.* to 1000*l. per annum*; but others for great persons and gentlemen of plentiful estates.

«I left my master, who had got the housemaid with child, and he gave me a portion to marry her, and got me an office in the customs.

«There are some *ways* of servants that I cannot give a reason for; however, for *honour* I

and 1739, he expresses, by repeated inquiries at Faulkner, some anxiety about a part of the manuscript. It was not, however, published until after his death. This is almost the last literary subject in which Swift seems to have been interested.

We return to the private life of Swift subsequent to 1732. The incidents are short and melancholy. For a while his correspondence with Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and the Duchess of Queensberry, Gay's lively and spirited patroness, sustained his connexion with England, Bolingbroke attempted, so late as 1732, to negotiate an exchange of his deanery with the living of

have mentioned them; because I doubt not there was some reason for it.

«Add the directions without reason at the end, in a different letter. My directions are fitted for families from 400*l.* to ten or twenty thousand pounds. The reader will not blame us for being so large on footmen, having been one myself, etc.

«Gil Blas hath mentioned something of servants, etc. but not in my way. [Here follow some imperfect pages.] The precedence of both sexes, regulated at home, and with strangers; the latter according to their masters. Jack Somerset takes place of Dick Devonshire.»

Burfield in Berkshire. But it was too late. The sacrifice of dignity and income, considerable at any time, became impossible after the habits of nearly twenty years. The die was therefore cast, and Swift was to close his days in the country of his birth, not in that of his choice. Indeed, although his dislike to Ireland does not appear to have abated in its acrimony, his desire to exchange his residence there for an abode in England must have been gradually diminished, as, in the language of the poet,

“Tie after tie was loosened from his heart;”

and when his remnant of life could only be spent in melancholy recollections of the past, or anxious anticipations of the future.

The sudden death of the kind-hearted and affectionate Gay was the first severe shock of this nature. Pope's letter announcing this event is indorsed by Swift, “Received December 15th, (1732,) but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.” The death of Arbuthnot followed in 1734-5. Swift thus expresses himself to Pope on the breaches thus made among their friends: “The death of Mr Gay and the doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank,

from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke." Lady Masham, the moving spring of Queen Anne's last administration, and Swift's firm friend, died about the same period, and the Earl of Peterborough followed, in the year 1735. Bolingbroke and Pope remained; but the former, seeing all his political hopes blighted, retired in disgust to France in 1734, and ill health on both sides gradually slackened Swift's intercourse with the Bard of Twickenham. But it is a false and malicious insinuation of the notorious Mrs Pilkington, that there was any relaxation in the mutual regard of the illustrious friends; Lord Orrery, who had the best access to know, has given testimony, and produced proof, that their friendship remained sincere and perfect on both sides till closed by death. On the presentation copy of the *Dunciad*, with which she pretends the Dean was but little pleased, Swift has written *Auctoris Amicissimi Donum*, — an expression of superlative warmth.

The Dean's health was now gradually giving way under the pressure of age, and his recurring fits of deafness and giddiness. His judgment and powers of thought continued indeed clear during the intervals of his disorder; but his memory became imperfect, and his temper, always irritable, was now subject to violent and fran-

tic fits of passion upon slight provocation. These inroads upon his faculties were precursors of the final disorder whose approach he had long dreaded. So early as 1717,* we are informed by Dr Young, that, while walking with Swift about a mile out of Dublin, the Dean stopped short. "We passed on," says the author of the *Night Thoughts*, "but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which, in its uppermost branches, was much

* The date is assigned from Dr Johnson's (or Mr Croft's) probable conjecture, that Dr Young accompanied his witty and profligate patron, the Duke of Wharton, to Ireland in that year. When Wharton related some of his mischievous pranks to the Dean (who really esteemed his talents), he made this remarkable answer, "Take a frolic to be virtuous, my lord; it will give you more pleasure than any you have yet tried." Delany has somewhat injured this anecdote, by substituting the word *honour* for *pleasure*. Swift has ridiculed Young's bombast in his simile upon that poet and Philips. But in the Verses on Young's Satire, and in the Rhapsody on Poetry, he seems rather to censure Young's politics than his talents.

withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.' Orrery also informs us, that when the Dean, in conversation, dwelt upon the period of mental imbecility which closed the lives of Somers, Marlborough, and other distinguished contemporaries, it was never without a deep and anxious presage of his own fate. To the same feeling of internal decay may be traced his answer to a friend who mentioned some one as a fine old gentleman: "What!" said the Dean with violence. "have you yet to learn that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman? If the man you speak of had either a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago." *

It would be vain to inquire, whether this awful foreboding, becoming more terrible as its accomplishment approached nearer, influenced Swift in the disposal of his fortune; whether he

* At one time he requested Mrs Whiteway to mention to him any decay which she might observe in his faculties: — "No, Sir," she replied, "I have read Gil Blas." A similar story is recorded by Mr Sheridan of his father, who (less prudent) complied with the request, and extorted from the Dean the question, "Whether he had ever read Gil Blas?"

took the hint of establishing a Lunatic Asylum from a letter of Sir William Fownes upon that subject; * or whether, as he himself alleges,

He gave the little wealth he had,
To build a house for fools or mad,
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much. **

Such, however, was the resolution he formed, and it was his first intention to endow his purposed hospital with land to the extent of three hundred pounds per annum: but after in vain endeavouring to make such a purchase, and even advertising for that purpose, † he at length suffered his fortune to remain upon the various mortgages in which it was vested, and left to his executors the trouble of collecting and investing it in land. Nor was he less anxious about the site of his intended hospital. In 1734-5, he presented a memorial to the corporation of Dublin, praying that a piece of ground on Oxmantown-green might be assigned for this purpose,

* Dated, 9th September, 1732. It is a proposal for building a Receptacle for Lunatics.

** Verses on his own death.

† See this advertisement, and his correspondence with Mr Gerrard.

which request was immediately complied with. * In 1737, a mortmain act was in agitation, for preventing settlement of landed property upon the church, or upon public charities. The Dean presented a petition to the House of Lords to be excepted from this bill, in case it should pass into a law. The petition stated, that he had long since bequeathed his fortune to charitable uses for the benefit of the kingdom; and if the ex-

* No. IV. Extracts from the London and Dublin Magazine, or Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer. London printed, and Dublin reprinted for George Faulkner, for the year 1735.

N. B. This was a piratical re-impression, or Dublin edition, of the London Magazine.

Januar 21, 1734-5. — On Friday last, the following memorial was presented at the quarterly assembly of the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council.

«To the Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor, etc. the memorial of the Dean of St Patrick's,

«Showeth, — That the said Dean having, by his last will and testament, settled his whole fortune to erect and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of idiots and lunatics, and being advised that a plot of ground in Oxmantown-green would be a convenient place whereon to erect the said Hospi-

ception which he prayed for should not be granted, he would be under the necessity of remitting it abroad for the same pious and worthy purposes. The *mortmain* bill did not pass into a law, and the exception became unnecessary. From the repeated statement in these proceedings, that the Dean had long since settled his estate for the benefit of the intended foundation, it appears that his existing will, dated 3d May, 1740, was not the first destination of his property. The funds which finally devolved upon the hospital amounted to above ten thousand pounds, which was the sum of Swift's savings in the course of about thirty years.

The internal regulation of Swift's family had for some years been under the management of his kind and affectionate relation Mrs White-

tal, he therefore humbly desires, that your Lordship, and this honourable board, will please to grant him such a plot of ground on the said green, and for the said use, upon such terms as your Lordship and Worship shall think fit."

"The Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council, were pleased to order a committee to inspect the said green, for the most convenient plot of ground whereon to erect the said hospital."

March, 1735.

way.* She was the daughter of Adam Swift, the Dean's uncle, and was the only relation to whom he ever showed any attachment; a distinction which she has been thought to owe to her not bearing the family name. It was a little-ness in the mind of Swift, that the recollection of the parsimonious education he had received from his uncle Godwin mixed in almost every reflection which he turned towards his relatives. In his correspondence, he repeatedly declares his dislike to his own family, although he sometimes makes a cold exception in favour of Mr Deane Swift,** the grandson of his uncle God-

* Hawkesworh erroneously, or injuriously, represented Mrs Whiteway as the Dean's house-keeper. Nothing could be more incorrect. She was a lady of talents, fashion, and independent fortune, from whom the late Mr Theophilus Swift inherited a considerable estate in the county of Limerick. Mrs Whiteway was twice married. Her first husband was the Rev. Theophilus Harrison, Dean of Clenmacnoise. A daughter of this marriage married Mr Deane Swift, and was the mother of my late obliging correspondent, to whom the reader, as well as the editor, is so much indebted.

** By a singular coincidence, this gentleman bore both the family name of the author and the

win, and representative, though by that unpleasant link, of his favourite ancestor, Thomas, the loyal vicar of Goodrich. Even to this young gentleman the Dean extended no share of effectual patronage; and the only influence which his relationship produced upon his kinsman's fortunes was of an unfavourable nature. Mr Deane Swift, however, paid the cold and reluctant courtesy of his illustrious relative with the warmest attachment, and vindicated his memory, after death, from the charges of Lord Orrery. Yet how little he owed to his patronage, will appear from the following remarkable anecdote. Sir Robert Walpole offered Mr Deane Swift preferment in the church, if he chose to take orders. Mr Deane Swift was then considerably indebted to his distinguished kinsman; and, influenced also by his habits of attachment and respect, consulted him on the flattering proposal thus made to him. The Dean, indignant at the idea of his kinsman receiving any favour from Walpole, insisted on his rejecting the minister's proposal, but never took measures to com-

clerical title by which he was universally distinguished. But he derived his Christian name of Deane from his grandmother, Miss Deane, daughter and heiress of Admiral Deane, who served the Parliament with eclat during the civil wars.

pensate him for the injury which his fortunes thus sustained. * To account for this extreme

* It is proper to give this remarkable anecdote in the words of the late son and representative of Mr Deane Swift — «My father, having an easy fortune, had taken to no profession. He was an excellent scholar, but a very bad writer. No man of his day understood the Greek languages better; and he was familiar with all the oriental. He was a very moral man; and, from an innate love of religion, had made divinity his immediate study. He had taken a degree of A. M. at Oxford, and was in every respect qualified for an excellent divine. Walpole knew him, and one day sent for him. He went; and Walpole asked him, whether it was his intention to take orders? My father was then about twenty-seven years of age. He answered, he had no such design. Walpole then desired that he would think of it, and that he would provide for him in the church; and even went so far as to tell him, that, at a proper time, he would make him a bishop. Swift very soon heard of what had passed, and sent for my father, whom he asked concerning the truth of the fact. Swift soon perceived that Walpole designed to prefer his relation over his head; and that while the Dean could not make *himself* a bishop, no impedi-

and unjust violence, it is proper to remember, that the Dean was now in a state of infirmity,

ment stood in the way of people who bore his name. Swift remonstrated very strongly with my father, who did not choose to give up the prospects held out to him. But Swift was *absolute* on all occasions. Whatever he said or willed must be obeyed. Beside the respect that my father had for him, which approached almost to idolatry, he owed him 2500l. an immense sum in those days; his estates were mortgaged for it to the Dean. The Dean did not absolutely promise a remission of the debt, but signified in very indignant terms, that if he did not relinquish orders, he would always find him his enemy; but if he would give up the idea of orders, he (the Dean) would always be his friend, and would *provide for him in the state*. My father yielded; was not made a bishop; was not provided for by Swift, but put upon the shelf; left his son (myself) to pay the mortgage, with a long arrear of interest upon it; and all that my father received from him, to the value of a single farthing, as a favour, was that which may be read in the Dean's will. My father loved the Dean to an excess almost unparalleled; but I have often heard him say, that the Dean was the only enemy that, to his knowledge, he ever had in his

when passion and prejudice had begun to obscure the fine sense and judgment which they at length altogether eclipsed. But to Mrs White-way Swift was uniformly kind, and repaid with esteem and gratitude the assiduity with which she watched over his family affairs, his charities, and the management of his household, which

life, with the exception of Delany. I know not whether I have clearly expressed myself about Walpole and my father; but I would sum it up with saying, that there was no particular friendship between Walpole and Mr Deane Swift, and that their politics differed *toto cælo*. The motive of the minister was not to serve my father, but to mortify the Dean; the Dean knew it, and sacrificed my father to his spleen. This is the truth of the matter. But my father would have done honour to Walpole's choice."

The ingenious editor of the Swiftiana mentions, that as Swift disliked his relations, on account, as he alleged of their degeneracy from the loyal faith of the vicar of Goodrich, so they detested him, and distinguished him by the nickname of *Top of Kin*. Many of them had become rich, and were probably mortified to his avowed neglect of their claim to his notice as kinsmen.

must otherwise have been abandoned to menials and interested persons.

The acquaintance of the Earl of Orrery, who endeavoured, by his assiduous attention, to commend himself to Swift during the latter part of his life, was less disinterested. The character of that noble author is now pretty generally understood. Proud, cold, and unamiable, in private life, he could stoop, where it was necessary for the purpose of attaining the character which he chiefly affected, that of a man of genius; and Berkeley happily remarked, that his lordship would have been such, had he known how to set about it. As a scaffolding for his ambitious desire of literary distinction, Lord Orrery rested much upon his interest with the Dean. He courted him by encomiastic verses, but without the fancy and power of Delany; and, contrary to the bent of his nature, even veiled his dignity so far as to imitate the facetious trifles of Sheridan, without possessing either his humour or facility. * But these sacrifices were not without

* See his Lordship's heavy attempt at literary frolic in the shape of a letter written backwards. In truth, Lord Orrery, though he affected the character of the friend of Swift, had no conception of humour. He sneers, with contemptuous gravity, at the Directions to Servants, and treats as "sour small-beer" the

their object; and, in his celebrated Remarks upon Swift's Life and Writings, the noble author seems to have sought indemnification for the homage he had constrained himself to pay to Swift while alive, and for the coldness with which his court had, it is said, been in some instances received. * The work unquestionably

Dean's light effusions of fancy and frolic; but he expects his son to be extravagantly delighted with the account of Wood's procession, in which various persons express their resentment in the terms of their calling; as the cook, who threatens to *baste* him, — the tailor, to *sit in his skirts*, etc.

* The real cause of Lord Orrery's treatment of Swift originated in a letter that had been found unopened by Swift's executors among his papers. The letter was indorsed, "This will keep cold." Lord Orrery had also learned, that when he sent the paper-book to Swift on his birth-day, the Dean, on reading the words "Dear Swift," in the first line, exclaimed with great indignance at his familiarity, — "Dear Swift? Dear Swift? Boy! Boy! Pshaw! Pshaw! What does the boy mean? *Friend! Friend! Sincere Friend?* Fool! Boy!" — Mrs White-way, being present when these expressions were used, remarked that Lord Orrery's servant, who waited in the hall, might easily

displays some talent, and preserves much of Swift that might not otherwise have been known. But the severity with which the Dean's failings were censured and recorded, is not only inconsistent with the friendship and deference which Orrery affected during his life, but, in many cases, deviates into inaccuracy* and exaggeration, and exceeds even the privilege of attack which might have been permitted to a professed but liberal enemy. It is some apology, though but a poor one, for the dark shades with which Orrery drew the character of his departed friend, that he had never known Swift until the decline of life, marked, as it was, by the loss of those friends who rendered life supportable to him, — by the increase of infirmities and irritability, — and by the gradual declension of the powers of intellect.

A more sincere and disinterested friend of the Dean was the good-natured, light-hearted, and ingenious Sheridan. But of his society the Dean was in a great measure deprived. He had resign-

hear them. They were probably reported; and the slight which they indicated was not erased by the handsome letter which the Dean wrote to his lordship on the occasion.

* Lord Orrery first broached the figment that Swift might be the natural son of Sir William Temple, which was morally impossible.

ed his residence in Dublin about 1734, and retired to the free school at Cavan with a diminished income, but unbroken gaiety of heart and spirits. Mr Sheridan has recorded an affecting circumstance, which happened while his father was on the point of removal. The Dean "happened to call in just at the time that the workmen were taking down the pictures and other furniture in the parlour; that parlour where for such a number of years he had passed so many happy hours. Struck with the sight, he burst into tears, and rushed into a dark closet, where he continued a quarter of an hour before he could compose himself. When it is considered that he was at that time verging on seventy, an age in which the heart generally is callous, and almost dead to the fine affections, there cannot be a stronger confutation of the charge made against him of his want of feeling; as I believe the instances are very rare of persons at that time of life capable of being so much moved by such an incident." *

The Dean in the following year visited his friend in his new residence. The amusement of riddles and Anglo-latin verses was renewed, but the charm was lost. Mr Sheridan describes Swift as having become moody, and prone to violent fits of passion, receiving with scorn the atten-

* Sheridan's Life of Swift.

tions offered him by the burgesses of Cavan, who came out in a body to meet him, and repaying them reluctantly with a niggard and sparing entertainment at the inn. Other instances occurred, at this unhappy period of his life, intimating the irritability of a temper which could no longer bear the slightest retort, even when seasoned by the wit which he used so much to admire. After two years residence at Cavan, Dr Sheridan, with disappointed hopes and an impaired fortune, sold his school and returned to Dublin. He resided for a short time at the deanery; but Swift was incapable either of giving or receiving consolation, or even of respecting the feelings of the attached friend of so many years. It is painful to record that they parted on bad terms, and that Sheridan died soon afterwards, without any reconciliation having taken place.*

The Dean's solitary und unhappy situation was

* Mr Sheridan blames Mrs Whiteway as having inflamed the quarrel. Mr Theophilus Swift has denied this charge, and produced more than one anecdote to show that Mrs Whiteway, on the contrary, acted as a mediator between the Dean and Dr Sheridan, which the tone of their correspondence seems also to indicate. There is no occasion for entering minutely into the controversy.

such as now exposed him to imposition, and even to insult. One Francis Wilson, a prebendary of his cathedral, who resided in the deanery, and had been named by Swift one of his executors, formed, it is said, a plan of availing himself of the weakness of the Dean's intellects, to get himself appointed sub-dean of St Patrick's, and, after in vain attempting to intoxicate him, had recourse to measures of intimidation and personal violence. Wilson attempted to vindicate himself by an affidavit, in which he ascribes the disgraceful struggle, which certainly took place, to a fit of frenzy on the Dean's part. But his account was not credited, more especially as he was supposed to have been guilty of acts of peculation while he was a guest at the deanery.* He was forbidden to return there, and died soon afterwards.

Mrs Whiteway was Swift's chief guardian against such selfish and dangerous guests as this man. An altercation once took place between them, concerning some of those visitors, whom she knew to be worthless and low-minded, and observed to be gaining influence over the Dean. The dispute growing high, Mrs Whiteway rose

* The servants at the deanery told Mrs Whiteway, that they observed Wilson usually brought with him an empty portmanteau, and carried it away filled with books.

from her seat, and, dropping an angry curtsey, said, "I'll leave you, sir, to your flatterers and sycophants;" and then left the house in anger, resolving not to return. For two days she kept her resolution; and in that time had more than a dozen visitors at her door, who inquired with great concern for her health, after the unhappy circumstance that had befallen her. The fact was, the Dean had gone round to his friends, and with a serious face deplored the misfortune that he himself had witnessed, that Mrs Whiteway had suddenly been seized with a fit of madness, and had been taken home in a most distracted state of mind. When he thought the deception had sufficiently worked, he called, and, making her a silent bow, sat down. Mr Deane Swift was in the room; being at that time on a visit at Mrs Whiteway's. The Dean conversed with him for about ten minutes, without interchanging a word or a look with Mrs Whiteway. He then got up, looked kindly at Mrs Whiteway, and turning to Mr Swift, "*Half* this visit was to you, sir." In uttering the word *half*, he glanced his eye at Mrs Whiteway, bowed to them both, and withdrew. Their cordiality was instantly renewed.

The last scene was now rapidly approaching, and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736, downward, the Dean's fits of periodical giddiness and deafness had returned with violence;

he could neither enjoy conversation, nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, prevented him from reading. The following dismal letter to Mrs Whiteway, in 1740, is almost the last document which we possess of the celebrated Swift, as a rational and reflecting being. It awfully foretells the catastrophe which shortly after took place.

“I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

I am, for those few days,

Yours entirely,

J. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,

July 26, 1740.”

His understanding having totally failed soon after these melancholy expressions of grief and affection, his first state was that of violent and furious lunacy. His estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided

to the care of Dr Lyons, a respectable clergyman, curate to the Rev. Robert King, Prebendary of Dunlavin, one of Swift's executors. This gentleman discharged his melancholy task with great fidelity, being much and gratefully attached to the object of his care.* From a state of outrage-

* The most minute account of this melancholy period is given by Dr Delany. «In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so greatly increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew was Mrs Whiteway;† and the sight of her, when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindness that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture

† His first cousin. See a letter dated Nov. 8, 1735.

ous frenzy, aggravated by severe bodily suffering,

into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servants who brought him his provisions staid in the room. His meat which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at last he would eat it walking; for, during this miserable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

„In October, 1742, after his frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it would mortify; several large boils also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness: that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society,

the illustrious Dean of St Patrick's sunk into the

and be amused with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterwards he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of his chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and upon opening his head it appeared that he was not mistaken; but, though he often entreated the Dean's friends and physicians that his scull might be trepanned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice.

«After the Dean had continued silent a whole year in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birth day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this immediately replied — 'It is all folly, they had better let it alone.'

«He would often attempt to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily

situation of a helpless changeling. * In the course

Among all kinds of smells, none offended him so much as the snuff of a candle. It happened that a young girl, the daughter of his housekeeper's relation, blew out a candle in his chamber; at which he knit his brows, looked angry, and said, 'You are a little dirty slut!' He spoke no more of it; but seemed displeased with her the whole evening.

«Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seems to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

«He was sometimes visited by Mr Deane Swift, a relation, and about Christmas, 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs Ridgeway, the housekeeper, immediately said, 'Won't you give Mr Swift a glass of wine, sir?' To this he made no answer, but showed he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do, when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him, and which was as much as to say 'you will ruin me in wine.' Soon after he again endeavoured with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at

of about three years, he is only known to have

last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few month after this, upon his housekeeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, 'I am what I am;' and, in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

"In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempted to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he showed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, 'I am a fool.' Once afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, 'Bring it here;' and when the same servant was breaking a hard large coal, he said, 'That is a stone, you block-head.'

"From this time he was perfectly silent, till the latter end of October 1745; and then died without the least pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth year of his age."

- * The curiosity of strangers sometimes led them to see this extraordinary man in this state of living death. The father of the late Lord Kinnedder, one of the editor's most intimate friends, was of the number. He was told that the servants privately took money for gratify-

spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743, until the 19th October 1745, it pleased God to release the subject of these Memoirs from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang, so gently, indeed, that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution.

It was then that the gratitude of the Irish showed itself in the full glow of national enthusiasm. The interval was forgotten, during which their great patriot had been dead to the world; and he was wept and mourned, as if he had been called away in the full career of his public services. Young and old of all ranks surrounded the house, to pay the last tribute of sorrow and affection. Locks of his hair were so eagerly sought after, that Mr Sheridan happily applies to the enthusiasm of the citizens of Dublin, the lines of Shakspeare,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying mention it within their wills,

ing the curiosity of strangers, but declined to have recourse to that mode of gratifying his curiosity. He saw the Dean by means of a clergyman (Dr Lyons, probably), who was at that time totally unconscious of all that passed around him, a living wreck of humanity.

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

SHAKSPEARE.

The remains of Dean Swift were interred, agreeable to his directions, with privacy,* in the great aisle of St Patrick's Cathedral, where an inscription, composed by himself, records his exertions for liberty, and his detestation of oppression.

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS.

JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.

HUJUS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS

DECANI:

UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO:

ULTERIUS COR LAGERARE NEQUIT.

ABI, VIATOR,

ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,

STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.

OBIIT ANNO (1745):

MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19);

ÆTATIS ANNO (78).

* It appears from the following animated exposition addressed by Mrs Whiteway to one of the executors, that their purpose was to have interpreted the word privacy so strictly as to infer a sordid and unbecoming obscurity.

It would appear that the remonstrances of his friend and relation were attended to. The original paper is amongst those belonging to Mr Swift: —

Mrs WHITEWAY to some one of Dr SWIFT'S
Executors. 1745.

SIR,

THE indignation which the town have expressed at the manner of burying their patriot, is a proof his memory is dear as his life was once so to them. I am told, and I wish my authority may not be true, that Dr Swift is to be carried out of his backdoor at one in the morning by four porters into the church, attended only by two clergymen, with the circumstance of the respect paid to them of giving each a scarf. I know his desire was to be buried as privately as possible; but, were the same persons to be executors to a duke, and a man who had left but five pounds behind him, would the words be construed in the same literal sense? and I appeal to yourself, whether ever you knew a gentleman, whose corpse was not in danger of being arrested for debt, treated in such a manner — an executed criminal, to whom the law doth not allow christian burial, could only be used thus, by some slight acquaintance. Surely

to hang the room Dr Swift lies in with black, to give him an hearse, and a few mourning coaches, would be judged a funeral sufficiently private for so great a man; and that he himself thought decency requisite at a funeral, may be known by what he did for his honest trusty servant, Alexander M'Gee. If this expense be thought too much to be taken from the noble charity he hath bequeathed, I make the offer of doing it, and desire it may be taken out of my legacy, as the last respect I can pay to my great and worthy friend.

If this favour be denied me, I shall let whoever mentions this affair in my hearing know the offer I have made.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

October 22, 1745, ten in the morning.

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## CONCLUSION.

*Person, Habits, and Private Character of Swift —  
His Conversation — His Reading — Apparent  
Inconsistencies in his Character — His Charity  
— His Talents for Criticism — Character of the  
Dean as a Poet — As a Prose Author.*

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SWIFT was in person tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eye-brows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind. He was never known to laugh, and his smiles are happily characterized by the well-known lines of Shakspeare. Indeed, the whole description of Cassius might be applied to Swift:

————— He reads much,  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men. —  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.



The features of the Dean have been preserved in several paintings, busts, and medals. \* In

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\* There is an excellent portrait of Dean Swift at the deanery-house, painted by Bindon. A genius appears in the piece displaying a scroll, containing a Latin inscription, partly undecypherable, but which refers to the Dean's exertions in procuring for the church the grant of the first fruits and tenths. At the bottom of the canvass is the following inscription:

EFFIGIEM HUIUS REV. ADMODUM VIRI JONATH.  
SWIFT, S. T. P. ECCLESIAE CATH. S. PAT. DUB.  
DECANI, IN PERPETUUM HARUM AEDIUM TOTIUS  
CLERI ET HUIUSCE PRÆCIPUE GENTIS DECUS,  
AMORIS ET OBSERVANTIÆ ERGO PINGI CURAVIT CA-  
PITULUM SUUM.

PRÆSENTI TIBI MATUROS LARGIMUR HONORES,  
NIL ORITURUM ALIAS, NIL ORTUM TALE FATENTES.

In the back distance, through the window, is seen in perspective the great western door of the cathedral of St Patrick's, leading immediately to that aisle in which the illustrious patriot is interred. The tower, or steeple, is pre-eminently conspicuous, however minute this part of the drawing be. It is to be observed, that at the period the original painting was



youth, he was reckoned handsome; Pope observed, that though his face had an expression of

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taken, the spire which now completes that fine Gothic structure had not been erected.

The frame is of black Irish oak, curiously and tastefully carved with a variety of emblematical figures, having at the bottom the arms of the deanery and of Swift quartered in one scutcheon. The unfortunate taste of one of his successors caused this frame to be gilded. This picture should not be mentioned without recording the patriotic disinterestedness of Dean Cradoc, who, when a fire broke out at the deanery-house, commanded those who assisted to leave their exertions to save his own property and books, until they had secured the picture of his renowned predecessor.

Another portrait, supposed to be one of the best likenesses in existence, and also painted by Bindon, is the property of Dr. Hill of Dublin. The expression of the features differs in some respects from the picture in the deanery, being rather of a deep and melancholy cast, than of the stern, harsh, and imperative character.

There is a portrait of Dean Swift at Howth Castle. It is a full length, painted by Bindon. He is represented in the clerical costume. To



dullness, his eyes were very particular. They were as azure, he said, as the heavens, and had

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the left of the figure is seen the Temple of Fame in the back ground; on the Dean's right appears the genius of Ireland, extending a laurel wreath, as about to crown the patriot; in his left hand he holds forth a scroll, on which is written, "The fourth Drapier's Letter." At his feet, on the right of the picture, lies bound the famous patentee *Woods*; he is depicted in agony. On a scroll is written "Woods' patent."

A full-length painting of the Dean, in his clerical habit, is placed in the theatre, or examination-hall, of Trinity College, Dublin. The head and figure, with some variation of attitude, appear to be copied from the oil painting at the deanery house. He is here represented as standing between two pillars; in the space between, in the back-ground, is given a view of the steeple and spire of St. Patrick's.

In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust, or cast, of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask, applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the



an unusual expression of acuteness. In old age, the Dean's countenance conveyed an expression which, though severe, was noble and impressive. He spoke in public with facility and impressive energy; and as his talents for ready reply were so well calculated for political debate, it must have increased the mortification of Queen Anne's ministers, that they found themselves unable to secure him a seat on the bench of bishops. The government of Ireland dreaded his eloquence as much as his pen.

His manners in society were, in his better days, free, lively, and engaging, not devoid of peculiarities, but bending them so well to circumstances, that his company was universally courted. When age and infirmity had impaired the elasticity of his spirits and the equality of his temper, his conversation was still valued, not only on account of the extended and various acquaintance with life and manners, of which it displayed an inexhaustible fund, but also for the shrewd and satirical humour which seasoned his observations and anecdotes. This, according

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left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain. It is engraved for Mr Barrett's Essay.

There is a marble bust of Swift in the possession of Dr Tuke, Stephen's-green, Dublin.



to Orrery, was the last of his powers which decayed; but the Dean himself was sensible that, as his memory failed, his stories were too often repeated. His powers of conversation and of humorous repartee were in his time regarded as unrivalled; but, like most who have assumed a despotic sway in conversation, he was sometimes silenced by unexpected resistance.\* He was very

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\* At an inn, seeing the cook-maid scraping a piece of mutton, he asked how many maggots she had got out of it? "Not so many as are in your head," answered the wench, smartly. The Dean was angry, and complained to her mistress. On another occasion, he was silenced by a worthy citizen, Alderman Brown, who, having undergone his raillery in silence during the time of dinner, all of a sudden raised his head from the plate, on observing Swift take apple-sauce to the wing of a duck, and exclaimed, "Mr Dean, you eat your duck like a goose." At another time, he asked Kenney, a Carmelite priest, whom he met at Mrs. Whiteway's, "Why the Catholic church used pictures and images, when the church of England did not?" — "Because," answered the priest readily, "we are old housekeepers, and you are new-beginners." Swift was so surprised and incensed that he left the room, and would



fond of puns. Perhaps the application of the line of Virgil to the lady who threw down with her mantua a Cremona fiddle, is the best ever was made: —

Mantua, vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!

The comfort which he gave an elderly gentleman who had lost his spectacles, was more grotesque. "If this rain continues all night, you will certainly recover them in the morning betimes:—

Nocte pluit tota — redeunt spectacula mane.

His pre-eminence in more legitimate wit is asserted by many anecdotes. A man of distinction not remarkable for regularity in his private concerns, chose for his motto, *Eques haud male notus*. "Better known than trusted" was the Dean's translation, when some one related the circumstance.

Swift had an odd humour of making extempore proverbs. Observing that a gentleman, in whose garden he walked with some friends, seem-

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not stay dinner, though he had come to Mrs. Whiteway's with that intention. But these instances of irritability occurred during the latter years of his life, when he could not endure contradiction.



ed to have no intention to request them to eat any of the fruit, Swift observed "It was a saying of his dear grandmother,

Always pull a peach

When it is within your reach ; "

and, helping himself accordingly, his example was followed by the whole company. At another time, he framed an "old saying and true" for the benefit of a person who had fallen from his horse into the mire : —

The more dirt,  
The less hurt.

The man rose much consoled; but, as he was a collector of proverbs himself, he wondered he had never before heard that used by the Dean upon the occasion. He threw some useful rules into rhyming adages;\* and indeed, as his Jour-

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\* Sheridan quotes two of them. One of them was a direction to those who ride together through the water :

When through the water you do ride,  
Keep very close, or very wide.

Another related to the decanting of wine:

First rack slow, and then rack quick,  
Then rack slow till you come to the thick.



nal to Stella proves, had a facility in putting rhymes together on any trifling occasion, which must have added considerably to the flow and facility of his poetical compositions.

In his personal habits he was cleanly, even to scrupulousness. At one period of his life he was said to lie in bed till eleven o'clock, and think of wit for the day;\* but latterly he was an early riser. Swift was fond of exercise, and particularly of walking. And although modern pedestrians may smile at his proposing a journey to Chester, by walking ten miles a day; yet he is said to have taken this exercise too violently, and to a degree prejudicial to his health. He was also a tolerable horseman, fond of riding, and a judge of the noble animal, which he chose to celebrate, as the emblem of moral merit, under the name of Houyhnhnm. Exercise he pressed on his friends, particularly upon Stella and Vanessa, as a sort of duty; and scarce any of his letters conclude without allusion to it; especially as relating to the preservation of his own health, which his constitutional fits of deafness and giddiness rendered very precarious. His habit of body in other respects appears to have been indifferent, with a tendency to scrofula, which, perhaps, hastened his mental dis-

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\* Spence's Anecdotes, Singer's Edit. p. 65.



order. \* But the immediate cause was the pressure of water upon the head, as appeared from the dissection after death.\*\*

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\* During his residence at Cavan, he was tormented with an ulcerous shin, often mentioned in his letters; and in his journal there is a minute, and rather disgusting account of an eruption upon his shoulder. He sent for a surgeon belonging to the barracks, when at Cavan, to dress his wound. The young man entered with fear and trembling, for all men stood in awe of the Dean. "Look ye, sir," said Swift, raising his leg from the stool on which it was extended, "my shin is very badly hurt; I have sent for you, and if you can cure it, by ——— I'll advertise you. Here's five guineas for you, and you need look for no more; so cure me as fast as you can." The young man succeeded; and the Dean, who liked both his skill and his modesty, was kind to him, often asked him to dinner, and, when the cure was completed, made him a compliment of five guineas more. In a letter to Mrs Whiteway, he says the shin cost him but three guineas; the rest he probably set down to benevolence.

\*\* Dr King says, that about three years before his final decay, he observed he was affected by the wine which he drank after dinner, and



Of his learning we have already spoken: it seems to have been both extensive and useful, but not profoundly scholastic. Of modern languages, he spoke and wrote French with facility, and understood Italian. His Latin verses indicate an imperfect knowledge of prosody, and no great command of the language in which they are written. The poem called *Rupes Carberiae*, has, in particular, been severely criticized. It is seldom that Swift alludes to English literature; yet it is evident that he had perused with attention those classics to which his name is now added. How carefully he had read Milton appears from his annotations on the *Paradise Lost*, for the benefit of Stella. Chaucer appears also to have been his favourite, for I observe among his papers a memorandum of the oaths used in the

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that next day, on his complaining of his health, he took the liberty to tell him he was afraid he had drank too much wine. He was startled, and replied, that he always looked on himself as a very temperate man, and never exceeded the quantity his physician prescribed. "Now his physician," continues King, "never drank less than two bottles of claret after dinner." But it must be remembered that King himself was a strict water-drinker. — *King's Anecdotes of his Own Times*, p. 16.



Canterbury Tales, classed with the personages by whom they are used. It appears from a note upon Mr. Todd's edition of Milton, that Swift was a peruser of the ancient romances of chivalry. \* But he never mentions the romances and plays of the period in which he lived, without expressing the most emphatic contempt. To the drama, particularly, he was so indifferent, that he never once alludes to the writings of Shakspeare, nor, wonderful to be told, does he appear to have possessed a copy of his works. After noticing this, it will be scarce held remarkable, that the catalogue of his library only contains the works of three dramatic authors, Ben Jonson, Wicherley, and Rowe, the two last being presentation copies from the authors, in 1700

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\* Open fly

The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder."

Mr Todd, on Mr Walker's authority, quotes a note of Swift on this passage, from Don Belianis, part ii. ch. 19. "*Open flew the brazen folding doors, grating harsh thunder on their turning hinges.*" This remark does not appear in the editor's copy of Swift's notes on Milton, mentioned in page 60, nota, neither do the words occur in the stall-copy of Don Belianis.



and 1702. History and classical authors formed the Dean's favourite studies, and during the decay of his faculties, his reading was almost entirely confined to Clarendon.

Swift loved the country, like most men of genius, but rather practised rural occupations than rural sports. At Quilca, Gaulstown, and Market Hill, he delighted in acting as a sort of overseer or bailiff to those employed in improving the property of his friends, and he dwells fondly in his journal on his plantations and canal at Laracor.

It does not appear from any part of his works, unless, perhaps, the Latin verses on the rocks of Carbery,\* that he was an admirer of the beautiful or romantic in landscape; but he was a curious, though not a scientific, observer of any singular natural phenomena which came under his attention. \*\*

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\* He lay down on his breast to view the precipice, and became so giddy (owing probably to his constitutional vertigo) that he durst not rise; and his two servants were forced to drag him back by the heels to some distance from the brink.

\*\* The following meteorological observations are copied from the Dean's Bible, which bears his name, "Jonathan Swift," and the date,



The humour of stubborn , independence, which influenced the Dean's whole character, stamps it at first examination with a whole chain of paradoxes. A devout believer in the truths of Christianity, a constant observer of the rules of religion, and zealous even to slaying in the cause of the Church of England, Swift assumed an occasional levity of writing, speaking, and acting, which caused his being branded as an infidel, a contemner of public ordinances, and a scoffer of church-discipline.\* Nor was this all. A zealous friend of liberty in temporal poli-

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«Feb. 14, 1697.» «Maii die 3tio, 1698, nix multa decidit, ab hora vesper: 6ta ad 9m fere cedens, ac non solum nocte, verum etiam ad crastini diei partem meridianam, conferta humi jacuit, arboribusque spississime inhærebat: hoc vidi prope vicum dict. Farnham in comitatu de Surrey.

«Jan. 27, 1698-9.

«Mense Martio, A. D. 1698-9, sævis pestis inter equos, non solum per insulas Britannicas, sed fere omnino Europam grassata.»

\* «I hate Lent,» he says, in his Journal to Stella, «I hate furmity and sour faces.» Many stories were, however, imputed to him without any ground.



tics, he acted during his whole life with the Tory party, — disliking Ireland\* even to virulent prejudice, he was the first and most effectual vindicator of her rights and liberties; and, charitable and benevolent to the extreme limits of a moderate revenue, he lay under the reproach of avarice and parsimony. An admirer of paradoxes, like Dr Fuller, might have found points in his history as well as opinions, capable of being placed in strong contrast. The first writer of his age was disgraced at college; the principal supporter of Queen Anne's last administra-

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\* The Dean disliked Ireland as a residence, not in itself, or with reference to the natural qualities of its inhabitants, but on account of its being subjected to a sort of subaltern oppression, equally degrading to the characters of those who inflicted and those who endured it. I have, therefore, rejected from this edition a lampoon entitled, «Some account of the Irish, by the late J. S. D. D. D. S. P. 8vo. London, 1753.» This libel, which charges the Irish with all sorts of vices, and even with cowardice, had some wit; but it is the wit of Ward, or Tom Brown, rather than of Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of St. Patrick's, whose name and titles are intimated by the initials on the title-page.)



tion, whose interest had made many a prelate, was himself unable to attain that dignity; and he who in his writings exhibited a tone of the most bitter misanthropy, was in active life a steady patriot, a warm friend, and a bountiful patron. He had also this remarkable fate as a political writer, that although his publishers were in four instances subjected to arrest and examination, — although large rewards were twice offered for discovery of the author of works generally and truly ascribed to him, — yet he never personally felt the grasp of power;

For not a Judas could be found

To sell him for three hundred pound. \*

Many of these apparent paradoxes arose from Swift's stern and unbending pride of temper, which rather contemned and avoided public applause, than studied to present his character under favourable colours to the general eye. Even his politeness assumed often a singular turn of cynicism, and much of his conduct in

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\* In allusion to this circumstance, he once said, he was three times near being hanged, and that people supposed he could bring in the Pretender in his hand, and place on him the crown.



life reminds us of his favourite style of composition, that IRONY

Which he was born to introduce,  
Refined it first, and showed its use.

From the same cause he often exhibited, in his first address a sternness and bluntness of demeanour, which, detached from the mode, in which he well knew how to repair the pain he had given, was harsh to his inferiors, and uncivil to those of higher rank. An anecdote which, though told by Mrs Pilkington, is well attested, bears, that the last time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The earl being willing, it is supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said, "She should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; sing when I bid you." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears, and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, "Pray, madam,



are you as proud and as ill-natured now as when I saw you last?" To which she answered with great humour, "No, Mr Dean; I'll sing for you if you please." From which time he conceived great esteem for her. The Dean received with complaisance such praise as was delicately administered; but it belonged to his character to repel whatever was extravagant or coarse. When a friend professed to love Swift better than all his friends and relations, he said, "The man is a fool.\* And when Pope talked to him of a lady who admired him above all things, he replied, "Then I despise her heartily."\* In fact, he seems rather to have expected his friends to gratify him by implicit compliance with his humour, however whimsical, than by any verbal flattery, disguising perhaps from himself, that such servile compliance was the grossest sort of practical adulation.

Much attached to his own profession, he had a strong prejudice against the military\*\* and the

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\* Singer's Spence's Anecdotes, p. 256.

\*\* His imaginary captain of dragoons, in the poem on Hamilton's Bawn, holds precisely the same language with the real soldier commemorated in the Essay on Modern Education: "D—n me, doctor, say what you will the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do



law. Yet it is probable he would have been a brave and distinguished soldier, and certain that he must have risen high at the bar, to which his talents were peculiarly adapted. His dislike to soldiers was probably heightened by his indifferent opinion of Marlborough, and other ge-

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you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? D—n me, a scholar when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass, D—n me, I would be glad, by G—d, to see any of your scholars, with his nouns and his verbs, and his philosophy and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege, or blockade, or rencountering — D—n me," etc. Yet there were times when the Dean envied the military prerogative of using personal castigation. Seeing a drayman abusing his overloaded horse, he attacked the fellow with his whip, and gave him several blows, exclaiming at each stroke, "O that I were a captain of horse!" On another occasion, he tells a squire with whom he had a violent dispute, "he heartily wished, to make him show his humility, his quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons than with the Dean of St Patrick's." Perhaps the Dean on both occasions recollected King William's proposal to promote him in the army.



neral officers, who were zealous against the peace of Utrecht; and the disinclination of courts of law to countenance the tithe of agistment seems greatly to have aggravated his dislike to that profession. \*

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\* In 1733, when Swift executed the revision of Gulliver's Travels, mentioned p. 104, vol. II, he made the most bitter additions to the passages affecting the law and its professors. About the same time, he indulged his humour with a most extraordinary mock trial, in ridicule of the assizes then about to be held in the county of Meath. The scene was Ardsalla, the house of Mr. Ludlow, where the Jacksons, Grattans, Mr Stopford, and other favourites of the Dean, were assembled. Sheridan, it seems, had been guilty of a petty delinquency in his chamber. The rest shall be abridged from the narrative of Mr. Theophilus Swift. « A tribunal is erected, and all things prepared in due and regular form. A plain kitchen table is turned with its top downwards, and into this dock Sheridan is put wigless and bare-headed; while Swift himself mounts the seat of justice, with his own wig frizzed, and bushed into a full bottom, and set inverted on his head. A servant maid's scarlet cloak is flung over his shoulders, to represent the robes



The Dean's temper, while he was its master, was strictly economical, but the reverse of ava-

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of a judge, and Aaron's band is converted into that of a chief justice. The grand jury are sworn, and the bill found, the petty jury sworn in their turn, and the prisoner put on his trial. The crier commands silence, and the lawyers are ranged. The utmost gravity and decorum prevail; and the only smile that passed on the occasion, arose from the ludicrous circumstance of Mr. Stopford, who, being fee'd for the crown, declared he could not do his duty as a true lawyer, unless he should be fee'd on both sides. A second fee, therefore, is given him in open court, on behalf of the prisoner; and he told my mother he actually received by the double fee, eighteen shillings. He is said to have conducted himself with wonderful humour and address through the whole of the trial. The Jacksons and Grattans had likewise their respective stations in the cause. Most of the servants are examined, and, in spite of prayers and entreaties, Mrs Ludlow herself, who is made to swear on the vessel alleged to have suffered pollution. Their verdict, as might be expected, is that of guilty; and Swift, with all the solemnity of justice, pronounces sentence of



ricious. He gave to the uttermost of his power, but he suffered no advantage to be taken of him. This was for a time an obstacle to his popularity; for the vulgar are always inclined to praise an easy and indifferent temper, in preference

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death on the trembling Sheridan, awfully concluding with 'The Lord have mercy on your soul!' A rope is produced; Sheridan sees he shall be hanged *pro forma*; out of the dock he springs, and flies up stairs, the whole court in full cry after him. But fear having added wings to his feet, he had sufficient time to bolt his chamber-door, which he barricadoed as well as he could, with what furniture was in the room. Here for two hours he remained besieged; at length he capitulated, on a solemn assurance that he should not be hanged.

"In a day or two the judges arrive; and, hearing the contempt that Swift had put upon them, send an express with an account of it to the lord lieutenant, who very wisely laughed at the frolic. Not finding the redress they expected, they make a formal complaint to the bishops, who had nearly resolved to take up the matter seriously; but one more prudent than the rest recommended that the whole should be hushed up."



even to liberality, when meted forth by the severe test of merit. But the Dean's real and discriminating charity aimed at a better reward than popular applause. Even in his latter years, when habits of economy had assumed the appearance of parsimony, they could not overcome his principle of benevolence. When he was extremely ill, he heard of the ruin of Mr. Ellis, a cabinet-maker, an industrious young man, newly married, by a casual fire. The Dean instantly gave Mrs Whiteway twenty pounds for the use of the young couple, charging his friend to conceal the quarter from which the relief had been administered.

It is a well-known fact, that Swift, with the first five hundred pounds which he could call his own, instituted a fund for granting small loans to such industrious artizans and tradesmen as could find security for repaying the money by small weekly instalments; but insisting upon punctuality in these repayments, without which the funds must soon have been exhausted. Dr. Johnson, no friend to Swift's fame, has represented this circumstance in an unfavourable view, as if he "employed the catchpoll under the appearance of charity." Yet, no one knew better than Dr Johnson the uselessness of vague and indiscriminate bounty, or the advantage of awakening the needy to habits of regular economy.



It is more honourably reported, that many families of considerable respectability in Dublin owed the rise of their prosperity to assistance from this small fund; nor can it be doubted, that the practice of regularly saving a portion of weekly income, to repay the assistance thus afforded them, had more influence on their future fortune than might have been derived from double the sum conferred as an eleemosynary gift.\*

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\* Of course, between the humour of the Dean and that of the inferior Irish, some odd anecdotes occurred in the management of this fund. One old woman is said positively to have refused payment, because, as she said, the money had not luck with her since she had dealt with the church; and she became so vociferous in her complaints, that the Dean gave up his claim, fearing, as he said, she would meet him with an action of damages for having lent her the money that brought so many misfortunes with it. A cobbler, who had been punctual in his first payment of a small instalment, had a tankard of ale by the Dean's orders. At his second payment he requested the same refreshment, upon which the Dean, in a rage, ordered him to depart and let him see him no more; with which injunction the man punc-



The Dean's views extended beyond the immediate relief of the poor, though he always carried about him a certain sum in different kinds of coin to be distributed to deserving objects. He chiefly laboured to place the mode of providing for them upon some permanent footing, which should at once render imposition difficult, and secure relief to the necessitous. On this subject he wrote several Tracts. He also exercised a kind of police among the poor women who maintained themselves by selling flowers, fruit, and such articles of petty traffic. He had nicknames for many of them, according to their persons and occupations, as Flora, Cancerina, Stumpa-nympha, and so forth. It is said he was once interrupted in his office of censor of the petty dealers, by one of them who affected to mistake him for Higgins, a bustling, pragmatical clergyman of

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usually complied, glad no doubt to pay his debt so easily. Upon another occasion, it is said, that a person who wished to borrow a small sum of money, being asked by Swift whom he proposed as security? "I have none to offer," said the poor man, "excepting my faith in my Redeemer." Swift accepted the security, made the entry accordingly with all formality, and declared that none of his debtors was more punctual than this man.



the time, who had made himself remarkable by the vehemence of his high-church politics. Swift liked the mistake so ill, that he was observed afterwards to avoid the street in which this woman kept her booth. In general, however, he neither met reply nor resistance, and as his authority was always exercised for the benefit of the public, so it was usually mingled with bounty towards his subjects. \*

The exertions of his own life bear witness to the Dean's love of his country, and regard for literature; and one of his last public acts exhi-

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\* He was every where received by the common people with the most profound respect, and used to say they should subscribe forty shillings a-year to keep him in hats, so numerous were the bows which he received and regularly returned. Upon one occasion he made a ludicrous experiment on the public belief in his authority. A number of people having assembled round the deanery to see an eclipse, Swift became tired of their noise, and commanded the crier to make proclamation that the eclipse was put off by command of the Dean of St Patrick's. This extraordinary annunciation was received with great gravity, and was the means of dispersing the assembled stargazers.



bited the interest which he took in the prosperity of the University of Dublin. \* These sentiments formed the basis on which he founded his friendships; for in his better days every individual whom he favoured was recommended either by learning or patriotism. And if, in some latter instances, his regard was less worthily conferred, it was when his situation exposed him to have the affectation of these qualities passed upon him for the reality. The steadiness of his friendship, and his readiness to discharge the duties which it imposed, at every risk of loss or danger to himself, has been already commemorated. His prejudices and antipathies were often too rashly adopted, and grounded in general upon reasons of political aversion. But Swift's mind was open to conviction, and, in most instances, when the ardour of controversy had subsided, he renewed the friendships it had

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\* From the London and Dublin Magazine for March 1735, p. 250. — "Last Thursday and yesterday, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Lord Bishop of Clogher, met at our university as visitors, to examine into the conduct of the fellows, and the abuses of the college. The Rev. Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D., was present, and spoke against some corruptions abuses."



broken off, or has spoken with candour and generosity of the objects of his satire. In two cases, however, he seems to have been implacable. His resentment outlived the faculties and the life of Marlborough, and attended his funeral with a satirical epitaph, which, however witty, dishonoured the writer more than the hero. Nor was he able to forbear a sarcasm against Steele, even in the Rhapsody on Poetry, when death ought to have silenced resentment. In his latter and more evil days, he classed his friends into Ungrateful — Grateful — Indifferent — and Doubtful. We give the arrangement in a note, only observing it seems to have been made in a moment of spleen and suspicion; and that the Dean retained for many of these whom he has stigmatized as *ungrateful* a sincere value, inconsistent with their meriting that odious character. \*

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\* LIST OF FRIENDS,

*Ungrateful — Grateful — Indifferent — and Doubtful.*

|                                      |       |                                        |    |
|--------------------------------------|-------|----------------------------------------|----|
| Archbishop of Dublin (Dr King) . . . | u.    | Mr Warburton (curate at Laracor) . . . | i. |
| Mr Read . . .                        | d g.  | Mr Walls . . .                         | u. |
| Captain Bernege . . .                | g.    | Humphry May . . .                      | u. |
| Mr Harrison . . .                    | d. g. | at last . . .                          | g. |



The same liberality distinguished him respecting criticism, whether he received it from others, or communicated his own remarks for their benefit. At Addison's suggestion (as we have already stated), in the short poem of Baucis and Philemon, he struck out forty verses, added forty verses, and altered the same num-

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|                          |              |                            |           |
|--------------------------|--------------|----------------------------|-----------|
| Mr Fiddes . . . . .      | <i>i.</i>    | Dean of Down, Pratt        | <i>u.</i> |
| L. Pr. (Lord Prima-      |              | Mr Berkeley . . . . .      | <i>u.</i> |
| te Marsh) . . . . .      | <i>g.</i>    | Mr Steele . . . . .        | <i>u.</i> |
| Mr Forbes . . . . .      | <i>u.</i>    | Mr Robert Pooley           | <i>d.</i> |
| Mr Barber . . . . .      | <i>u.</i>    | Mr Higgins . . . . .       | <i>u.</i> |
| Mr Tooke . . . . .       | <i>g.</i>    | John Grattan . . . . .     | <i>g.</i> |
| M—M—(Mrs Man-            |              | Robert Grattan . . . . .   | <i>g.</i> |
| ley) . . . . .           | <i>g.</i>    | Dr Delany <i>i.</i> partly | <i>g.</i> |
| Dr Sacheverell . . . . . | <i>i.</i>    | Mr Lightburn . . . . .     | <i>u.</i> |
| Mr Trapp . . . . .       | <i>i.</i>    | Charles Grattan . . . . .  | <i>g.</i> |
| Mr Smith . . . . .       | <i>i.</i>    | Mr Curtis . . . . .        | <i>g.</i> |
| Dr St — (Bishop Ster-    |              | Mr Corbert . . . . .       | <i>i.</i> |
| ne) . . . . .            | <i>u.</i>    | Mr Nisbit . . . . .        | <i>u.</i> |
| Mr Stratford . . . . .   | <i>i.</i>    | Mr James Stop-             |           |
| Mr Ford . . . . .        | <i>g.</i>    | ford . . . . .             | <i>g.</i> |
| Mr Pope . . . . .        | <i>g.</i>    | Dr Sheridan . . . . .      | <i>g.</i> |
| Mr Gay . . . . .         | <i>g.</i>    | Queen C— . . . . .         | <i>u.</i> |
| Dr Parnell . . . . .     | <i>u. d.</i> | Mr Wood . . . . .          | <i>g.</i> |
| Mr Manley (the           |              | Sir — . . . . .            | <i>u.</i> |
| Post - Master) . . . . . | <i>u.</i>    | Mrs Barber . . . . .       | <i>g.</i> |
| Dr Raymond . . . . .     | <i>u.</i>    |                            |           |



ber. On another occasion, he puts a pamphlet into the hands of a clergyman belonging to his chapter, for the benefit of his remarks. The critic suggested two alterations, which he instantly adopted. When the work appeared, he became sensible that the passages were altered for the worse, and expressed to the Dean his regret that the alteration should have been suggested, and his surprise that he had acquiesced in them. "Sir," said Swift, "I considered that the passages were of no great consequence, and I made the alterations you desired without hesitation, lest, had I stood up in their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to hear of his errors; and by this ready compliance, I hoped you would, at all times hereafter, be the more free in your remarks."

The same criticism to which he himself so readily deferred, he was willing to extend for the benefit of his friends, or of any young man of promising talent; and his friend Tickell has justly characterized him in this capacity: —

He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws  
Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,  
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,  
The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.

Of these criticisms, there are many specimens in his correspondence, in which his chastity



of taste, and correctness of poetical ear, are eminently displayed. It sometimes happened, however, that when teased for an opinion by those upon whom criticism would have been thrown away, he was unable to repress the causticity of his disposition. To one poet he returned his manuscript carefully folded up; assuring the author that he had gone through it with care, and struck out at least half the faults. The poor bard, impatient to profit by Swift's remarks, stopped under a gateway in his road homeward, and, opening the packet, discovered, to his infinite mortification, that the Dean had carefully blotted out every second line in his poem. With this whimsical expression of satirical humour, his conduct in the case of young Mr Fitzherbert may be advantageously contrasted. This youth, expelled from his father's house by hard usage, applied to the Dean, as the general patron of the oppressed against public or domestic tyranny. He sent him some verses, with which Swift was pleased. The Dean not only wrote a most admirable letter\* of mingled intercession and remonstrance, but supplied the young man with money for relief of his immediate wants. He then waited upon the obdurate father, rebuked him for delaying to answer his

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\* Dated 19th March, 1734-5.



letter, and extorted his consent that the young man should be sent to prosecute his medical studies at Leyden, with a suitable allowance.

As an AUTHOR, there are three peculiarities remarkable in the character of Swift. The first of these has been rarely conceded to an author, at least by his contemporaries. It is the distinguished attribute of ORIGINALITY, and it cannot be refused to Swift by the most severe critic. Even Johnson has allowed that perhaps no author can be found who has borrowed so little, or has so well maintained his claim to be considered as original. There was indeed nothing written before his time which could serve for his model, and the few hints which he has adopted from other authors bear no more resemblance to his compositions than the green flax to the cable which is formed from it.

The second peculiarity, which has indeed been already noticed, is his total indifference to literary fame. Swift executed his various and numerous works as a carpenter forms wedges, mallets, or other implements of his art, not with the purpose of distinguishing himself by the workmanship bestowed on the tools themselves, but solely in order to render them fit for accomplishing a certain purpose, beyond which they were of no value in his eyes. He is often anxious about the success of his argument, and angrily



jealous of those who debate the principles and the purpose for which he assumes the pen, but he evinces, on all occasions, an unaffected indifference for the fate of his writings, providing the end of their publication was answered. The careless mode in which Swift suffered his works to get to the public, his refusing them the credit of his name, and his renouncing all connexion with the profits of literature,\* indicate his disdain of the character of a professional author.

The third distinguishing mark of Swift's literary character is, that, with the exception of history (for his fugitive attempts in Pindaric and Latin verse are too unimportant to be noticed), he has never attempted any style of composition in which he has not obtained a distinguished

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\* In a letter to Pulteney, 12th May, 1735, the Dean says, "I never got a farthing for any thing I writ except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." This probably alludes to *Gulliver's Travels*, for which Pope certainly obtained from the bookseller 300 l. There may, however, be some question, whether this sum was not left at Pope's disposal, as well as that which he got for the *Miscellanies*, and which Swift abandoned to him.



pitch of excellence. We may often think the immediate mode of exercising his talents trifling, and sometimes coarse and offensive; but his Anglo-latin verses, his riddles, his indelicate descriptions, and his violent political satires, are in their various departments as excellent as the subjects admitted, and only leave us room occasionally to regret that so much talent was not uniformly employed upon nobler topics.

As a poet, Swift's post is pre-eminent in the sort of poetry which he cultivated. He never attempted any species of composition, in which either the sublime or the pathetic were required of him. But in every department of poetry where wit is necessary, he displayed, as the subject chanced to require, either the blasting lightning of satire, or the lambent and meteorlike coruscations of frolicsome humour. His powers of versification are admirably adapted to his favourite subjects. Rhyme, which is a handcuff to an inferior poet, he who is master of his art wears as a bracelet. Swift was of the latter description; his lines fall as easily into the best grammatical arrangement, and the most simple and forcible expression, as if he had been writing in prose. The numbers and the coincidence of rhymes, always correct and natural, though often unexpected, distinguish the current of his poetical composition, which exhibits, otherwise, no



mark of the difficulty with which these graces are attained. In respect of matter, Swift seldom elevates his tone above a satirical diatribe, a moral lesson, or a poem on manners; but the former are unrivalled in severity, and the latter in ease. Sometimes, however, the intensity of his satire gives to his poetry a character of emphatic violence, which borders upon grandeur. This is peculiarly distinguishable in the Rhapsody on Poetry, which, according to Dr. King, he accounted his best satire, and surely with great justice. Yet this grandeur is founded, not on sublimity either of conception or expression, but upon the energy of both; and indicates rather ardour of temper, than power of imagination. *Facit indignatio versus.* The elevation of tone arises from the strong mood of passion rather than from poetical fancy. When Dryden told Swift he would never be a poet, he only had reference to the Pindaric Odes, where power of imagination was necessary for success. In the walk of satire and familiar poetry, wit, and knowledge of mankind, joined to facility of expression, are the principal requisites for excellence, and in these Swift shines unrivalled. Cadenus and Vanessa may be considered as Swift's *chef d'œuvre* in that class of poems which is not professedly satirical. It is a poem on manners; and, like one of Marmontel's Contes Moraux,



traces the progress and involutions of a passion, existing between two persons in modern society, contrasted strongly in age, manners, and situation. Yet even here the satirical vein of Swift has predominated. We look in vain for depth of feeling or tenderness of sentiment; although, had such existed in the poet's mind, the circumstances must have called it forth. The mythological fable, which conveys the compliments paid to Vanessa, is as cold as that addressed to Ardelia or to Miss Floyd. It is, in short, a kind of poetry which neither affects sublimity nor pathos, but in which the graceful facility of the poet unites with the acute observation of the observer of human nature, to commemorate the singular contest between Cadenus and Vanessa, as an extraordinary chapter in the history of the mind.

The Dean's promptitude in composition was equal to his smoothness and felicity of expression. At Mr Gore's, in the county of Cavan, he heard the lively air called the Feast of O'Rourke, and, obtaining a literal translation of the original Irish song from the author, Mr. Macgowran, executed with surprising rapidity the spirited translation which is found in his works. \*

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\* The Dean has omitted the last six verses Per-



Of the general style of Swift's poems, Dr. Johnson has said, in language not to be amended — "They are often humourous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style — they consist of 'proper words in proper places.'"

As an historian Swift is entitled to little notice. The History of England is an abridgement, written evidently in imitation of Paterculus, but without those advantages in point of information which render the Latin author valuable. The Dean abandoned his task, because, as he said, with a sort of smile, to Mr. Deane Swift, "I have found them all such a pack of rascals, I would have no more to say to them." His account of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne has little pretensions to the name of history; it is written with the feelings and prejudices of a party writer, and does not deserve to be separated from the Examiners, and other political

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haps the author himself chose to suppress them, as reflecting upon the Catholic clergy.



tracts, of which Swift was the author. The tendency and purpose of these various publications, as well as of the Drapier's Letters, have already been illustrated.

But although his political treatises raised his fame when published, and are still read as excellent models of that species of composition, it is to his Tale of a Tub, to the Battle of the Books, to his moral romance of Gulliver, and to his smaller, but not less exquisite satires upon men and manners, that Swift owes the extent and permanency of his popularity as an English classic of the first rank. In reference to these works, Cardinal Polignac, to whom Swift was well known, used the remarkable expression, *Qu'il avoit l'esprit créateur*. He possessed, indeed, in the highest perfection, the wonderful power of so embodying and imaging forth "the shadowy tribes of mind," that the fiction of the imagination is received by the reader as if it were truth. Undoubtedly the same keen and powerful intellect, which could sound all the depths and shallows of active life, had stored his mind with facts drawn from his own acute observation, and thus supplied with materials the creative talent which he possessed; for although the knowledge of the human mind may be, in a certain extent, intuitive, and subsist without extended acquaintance with the living world, yet



that acquaintance with manners, equally remarkable in Swift's productions, could only be acquired from intimate familiarity with the actual business of the world.

In fiction he possessed, in the most extensive degree, the art of verisimilitude; — the power, as we observed, in the case of *Gulliver's Travels*, of adopting and sustaining a fictitious character, under every peculiarity of place and circumstance. A considerable part of this secret rests upon minuteness of narrative. Small and detached facts form the foreground of a narrative when told by an eyewitness. They are the subjects which immediately press upon his attention, and have, with respect to him as an individual, an importance which they are far from bearing to the general scene in which he is engaged; just as a musket shot, passing near the head of a soldier, makes a deeper impression on his mind, than all the heavy ordnance which has been discharged throughout the engagement. But to a distant spectator all these minute incidents are lost and blended in the general current of events; and it requires the discrimination of Swift, or of De Foe, to select, in a fictitious narrative, such an enumeration of minute incidents as might strike the beholder of a real fact, especially such a one as has not been taught, by an enlarged mind and education, to generalize his ob-



servations. I am anticipated in a sort of parallel which I intended to have made between the romances of Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe, by the ingenious author of the History of Fiction,\* whose words I adopt with pleasure, as expressing an opinion which I have been long induced to hold. After illustrating his proposition, by showing how Crusoe verifies his narrative of a storm, through means of a detail of particular incidents, he proceeds: — “Those minute references immediately lead us to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in Gulliver’s Travels, and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations.”

The genius of De Foe has never been questioned, but his sphere of information was narrow; and hence his capacity of fictitious invention was limited to one or two characters. A plain sailor, as Robinson Crusoe, — a blunt soldier, as his supposed “Cavalier,” — a sharper in low life, like some of his other fictitious personages, were the only disguises which the extent of his information permitted him to assume. In this respect he is limited, like the sorcerer in the

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\* Dunlop’s History of Fiction.



Indian tale, whose powers of transformation were confined to assuming the likeness of two or three animals only. But Swift seems, like the Persian dervise, to have possessed the faculty of transfusing his own soul into the body of any one whom he selected; — of seeing with his eyes, employing every organ of his sense, and even becoming master of the powers of his judgment. Lemuel Gulliver the traveller, Isaac Bickerstaff the astrologer, the Frenchman who writes the new journey to Paris, Mrs Harris, Mary the cook-maid, the grave projector who proposes a plan for relieving the poor by eating their children, and the vehement Whig politician who remonstrates against the enormities of the Dublin signs, are all persons as distinct from each other as they are in appearance from the Dean of St Patrick's. Each maintains his own character, moves in his own sphere, and is struck with those circumstances which his situation in life, or habits of thinking, have rendered most interesting to him as an individual.

The proposition I have ventured to lay down, respecting the art of giving verisimilitude to a fictitious narrative, has a corollary resting on the same principles. As minute particulars, pressing close upon the observation of the narrator, occupy a disproportionate share of his



narrative and of his observation, so circumstances more important in themselves, in many cases, attract his notice only partially, and are therefore but imperfectly detailed. In other words, there is a distance as well as a foreground in narrative, as in natural perspective, and the scale of objects necessarily decreases as they are withdrawn from the vicinity of him who reports them. In this particular, the art of Swift is equally manifest. The information which Gulliver acquires, from hearsey, is communicated in a more vague and general manner than that reported on his own knowledge. He does not, like other voyagers into Utopian realms, bring us back a minute account of their laws and government, but merely such general information upon these topics, as a well-informed and curious stranger may be reasonably supposed to acquire, during some months' residence in a foreign country. In short, the narrator is the centre and main-spring of the story, which neither exhibits a degree of extended information, such as circumstances could not permit him to acquire, nor omits those minute incidents, which the same circumstances rendered of importance to him, because immediately affecting his own person.

Swift has the more easily attained this perfection of fictitious narrative, because in all his



works, of whatever description, he has maintained the most undeviating attention to the point at issue. What Mr Cambridge has justly observed of the Battle of the Books, is equally true as a general characteristic of Swift's writings; whoever examines them will find that, through the whole piece, no one episode or allusion is introduced for its own sake, but every part appears not only consistent with, but written for the express purpose of strengthening and supporting the whole.

Upon the style of Swift, Dr Johnson has made the following observations, which are entitled to great credit, from the learning and character of the critic. It is, however, to be considered, that the Author of the Rambler may be supposed in some degree to undervalue a structure of composition, so strikingly opposed to his own, and that Dr Johnson, as has already been observed, appears to have been unfriendly to the memory of Dean Swift.\*

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\* When employed in writing the Dean's life, Dr Johnson received two invitations from Deane Swift, Esq. to spend some time at his house in Worcestershire, one of which was conveyed by Mr Theophilus Swift, his son, to whom I owe this information. The purpose was to make every communication in his power, that

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«In his works he has given very different specimens both of sentiments and expression. His

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might throw light on the history of his great and beloved relative. But Dr Johnson declined the invitation, and even refused to receive the information offered, or to communicate with Mr Deane Swift upon the subject. It would be difficult to assign a motive for the prejudice against Swift, so obvious in Dr Johnson's conduct on this occasion, as well as in many passages of his life of the Dean, especially considering that these great men coincided in political sentiments. There is a letter from Earl Gower to some friend of Swift, dated 1st August, 1738, in which he endeavours to secure the Dean's interest for the purpose of procuring for Johnson the degree of Master of Arts in the university of Dublin, in order to render him eligible to be teacher of a charity-school at Appleby. The Dean may have refused or neglected this application. The late Bishop of Dromore, who had many opportunities of personal observation, was of opinion that Dr Johnson's dislike to Swift arose from the Dean's having opposed Dr Madden's scheme for distributing prizes in Trinity College. It must be remembered, that Dr Johnson himself revised Madden's poem on the death of



'Tale of a Tub' has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterward never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself: what is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

"In his other works is found an equable tonor of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated, or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connexions, or abruptness in his transitions.

"His style was well suited to his thoughts,

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Boulter. Yet certainly it is unlikely that, so late as 1742, when that primate died, the Dean should have publicly interested himself in the affairs of the university.



which are never subtilized by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-sought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration, he always understands himself, and his readers always understand him. The peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; and it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction."

The general character of Swift has been excellently drawn by the learned and candid Granger, with which I request permission to close these memoirs.

"Jonathan Swift was blessed in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries, with the powers of a creative genius. The more we dwell upon the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us; in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and even his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had in his virtues few equals, and in his talents no superior. In that of humour, and more espe-



cially in irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. He did the highest honour to his country by his parts, and was a great blessing to it by the vigilance and activity of his public spirit. His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive; familiar, without vulgarity or meanness; and beautiful, without affectation or ornament. He is sometimes licentious in his satire; and transgresses the bounds of delicacy and purity. He, in the latter part of his life, availed himself of the privilege of his great wit to trifle; but when, in this instance, we deplore the misapplication of such wonderful abilities, we at the same time admire the whims, if not the dotages, of a Swift. He was, perhaps, the only clergyman, of his time, who had a thorough knowledge of men and manners. His 'Tale of a Tub,' his 'Gulliver's Travels,' and his 'Drapier's Letters,' are the most considerable of his prose works; and his 'Legion Club,' his 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' and his 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' are at the head of his poetical performances. His writings, in general, are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their author's fame."

THE END.



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[illegible]



















Scott, Walter,

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